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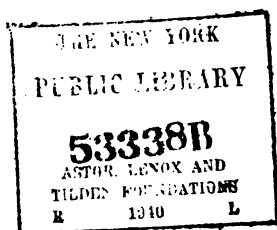
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V O L. I.

Vous y verrez du sérieux,
Entre-melé de badinage;
Des traits un peu facétieux,
Dont la morale, au moins, est sage.

Le philosophe de Sans-souci.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being known to your Lordship.—My sole reason, then, for presenting these volumes to you, arises from the respect and esteem I have often heard the author of them profess towards your Lordship's person and character.

Upon reading the following pages to me one day, he stopped at the end of a particular chapter, and expressed himself thus: "*Swift* said, That if there were but a dozen

Arbuthnots in the world, he would burn his *Gulliver*. In like manner," added he, "I declare, that if there were only as many *Charlemonts* in these kingdoms, I would also commit my * *Primmer* to the flames."

So honourable a testimony as this, sufficiently justifies the preference with which I subscribe myself, on this occasion, your Lordship's

Most humble

and obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

* This article will unfold itself in due time.

THE
E D I T O R
TO THE
R E A D E R.

I HERE present the public with the remains of an author, who has long entertained and amused them, and who has been the subject both of applause and censure—himself equally regardless of both.—He was a second Democritus, who sported his opinions freely, just as his philosophy, or his fancy, led the way: and as he instilled no profligate principle, nor solicited any loose desire, the worst that could possibly be said, of the very worst part of his writings, might be only, that they were as indecent, but as innocent at the

same time, as the sprawling of an infant on the floor.

And I shall give you here his own sentiments about this matter, which I have taken, *ex ore suo*, from one of the following pages.—

“And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school, whose motto is *Ride, si sapias*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity—while those, indeed, cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honour, morals, or religion*.”

These notes were designed by the author, to frame a larger work from than the present, to be published after he should

* See this Volume chap. XI.

find himself—or the public—tired of the sportive incoherence of his former volumes:—but his untimely and unexpected death prevented him from digesting and completing this scheme.

These sheets had been put into my hands some time before this unhappy event, to correct or cancel, as I should think proper, and he left them with me, on his deathbed, to dispose of after what manner I might choofe—either to be kept among my miscellaneous papers, for my own amusement, or published to the world, or thrown into the fire.—His expression to me, upon that affecting occasion, was equally elegant and flattering—

Et dixit moriens—Te nunc habet ista secundum.

I imagined, that any tract of this author, especially into which he transfuses so much of his very soul, might afford some entertainment to the public; and I have, therefore, committed these incorrect pieces,

VIII

and unfinished sketches, to the prefs, without attempting to make any manner of addition or alteration in them, except the leaving out of some passages, that were either *unintelligible*—or *too plain*.

And if there should yet appear to have remained some other particulars, which the scrupulous reader may think to have needed the farther use of the *style*, I am very certain that he will meet with sufficient matter, in the rest of the work, to make the author's apology, and to serve also as a justification of

THE EDITOR.

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A
PRIVATE LETTER
FROM
THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.
TO ONE IN A MILLION.

My very good Friend,

I AM just returned from hunting o'er the hills and far away; and as my manner has ever been, whether riding, walking, skating, swimming, or boating — and I dare venture to hold a wager that it would be the same if I was flying — to revolve those subjects in my mind, which I purpose, at any time of my life, to discuss in writing, your request to me lately has occupied my whole thoughts all this morn-

ing. *Experieris non Dianam magis i montibus, quam Minervam inerrare*, & Pliny says.

In such a memoiring and *memorable* as this, why not write my own memoirs? *vexatus toties*. I have gone through a multitude of novels within these few years past, and have attended, with more exemplary patience and perseverance chapter after chapter, in hope that the next anecdote might possibly make me some amends for the dullness of the former. In vain! Modern novelists seem to be deficient, even in invention. We forgive them their total want of language, style, moral, character or sentiment.

My series of life has happily saved me the entire labour of conception. For the mere literal narrative of my adventures from the moment I was uncased from my first *envelope*, till the instant I shall escape from this second *caul*—for the context and complexion of my past life will probably

form the west and hue of my future—— would amuse and interest my readers, though recited in the simplicity of my nurse, the stupidity of my pedagogues, or the tediousness of modern memoirists; who may be said, according to Aristotle's figure, styled *Paronomasia*, to write more *pour Faim*, than *Fame*. For I take necessity to be a muse that's fairly worth *the Nine*, and literary Fame to be lineally derived from *Fames*.

Largitor ingenii venter.

Pray don't be alarmed at the word *Koran*, which I have chosen to make the title of these papers. I am not turned Muselman; but I hate *appropriated names*, because they restrain the language too much, and are apt to lead to superstition. And I see no reason why my visions and vagaries have not as good a right to be called *Al Koran*, or *The Koran*, as the inven-

tions and impositions of Mahomet; which were styled so, merely as being *a collection of chapters*—for so the word in Arabic signifies.

But to proceed—

THE KORAN.

CHAP. I.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY.

AS I am, at length and long-run, safely delivered into the world, and fairly entered into life, I think it high time now to give you some account of myself—so often promised, and so long delayed—which I shall do, in as few words as the nature of the subject, and the writer of it, will permit. *Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis.*

I was *really* born—no doubt on't: for, if I had not, I should never have pretended to say so—But first let me account for myself, in the character I at present stand before you, as an author—which I never intended—nor indeed was ever intended—to be. I happened to become one by mere chance.

Chance has ever been my *fate*. My father never designed me any manner of education. He was a *brave soldier*, and despised it. What a power of courage he must have had! So I learned to read and write, by *chance*. I *miched* once to school, and picked up a little literature, by *chance*. I never meant to marry, and yet it was my *luck* to get a wife. I never had any patron, but was provided for by *fortune*.

Chance, Luck, and Fortune, then, have been my *Clotho*, *Atropos*, and *Lachesis*—and so I have assumed the cognomen of *Tria juncta in uno*—which is another chance also; as I never once thought of such a derivation, before this very instant.

But how an author by chance, prithee? —I'll tell you, if you'll have but a little patience.

CHAP. II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS method of dividing a subject into chapters, is an admirable expedient for your pennyworth wits, and your two-

penny readers. It serves as resting pauses to both.

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.

The Bible itself might, perhaps, to some, appear tedious, if it was not for the comfortable relief of chapters.

Besides, the intervals, or *white lines*, as the printers style them, help to swell the volume like a bladder; or may be compared to an article of *potted saw-dust* in a *bill of fare*, which helps to *cover a table*, though it adds nothing to the *feast*.

Here now I expect that my old acquaintance the *un-critical Reviewers* will be apt to remark upon this passage, that these spaces are the most valuable parts of my books, as a *blank* is better than a *blot* at any time, with other insipidities of the same sort.

But let them prate; for I have long since brought myself to be very well able to bear with them, by becoming regardless equally of their applause or censure. True critics, like hawks, hunt for pleasure; but the Reviewers, like vultures, only *for prey*.

And, for this reason, I don't think that one should be too severe against the poor devils neither. They ought rather to become the object of our pity than resentment, who, like *hangmen*, are obliged to *execute* for bread. And it should therefore be a considerable advantage to a work, to have received their censure—for an author may set what price he pleases on a book that has been condemned to be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman*.

CH A P. III.

THE UNCLE.

I THINK I promised in my first chapter, to give you my *authority* in literature. Thus it was—

I happened to have an uncle once, who was a minister of the gospel, but his only study was politics. He had a laudable ambition to rise in life. Religion is undoubtedly a necessary qualification for that purpose in the next world—but is not sufficient to help us forward in this.

He took care, therefore, just to get the

thirty-nine articles by heart, to enable him to stand an examination of faith on the day of judgment—not attending to the good old saying, Live and learn, die and forget all: but his maxims were, not to go, while you stay—to live whilst you live; for at the hour of death, sufficient to that day will be the evil thereof.

In prosecution then of his scheme of life, he wrote and published several party papers, during the *reign* of Sir Robert Walpole, in favour of his ministry—but Mammon left him in the lurch. They produced no effect toward his advancement.—They were poorly written.—Parsons generally write ill, even upon their own subjects.

He might better have employed himself, in saying his prayers—for, in this service, whatever is well meant, is well received, though ever so ill performed: but, in the other case, whatever is well *executed* only, is well accepted of, however *ill intended*.—This mortified our divine.

Just at this crisis I happened to return into the country, after having quitted college, and brought home some little cha-

racter from the university for parts and learning.

But I am hurrying the reader on too fast. My flock is small, and needs oeconomy. So I think that I have now wrote enough for this chapter—and, in the style of a sermon, I shall leave you to consider of what has been said, and defer the remainder to another opportunity.

CHAP. IV.

ON MURDER.

FOR my own part, I have not the least notion how any man—or woman either—can bring themselves to commit murder—except, indeed, it happened to be on the body of a brother, a friend, a mistress, or some other such fond and dear connexion as these.

Human nature revolts at the very idea: insomuch, that I know not what *temptations* can induce any person to be guilty of such a crime—for *temptation* comes from *nature*, whose strongest propensity is the very *reverse* of it. This vice then must

certainly arise from *provocation* only—because provocation proceeds from the devil.

Thus, reader, you may perceive—that is, supposing you to have been attentive to what I am saying all this while, that I have here made a nice distinction of it, between the *flesh and the devil*——Pray now, please you to observe the consequence.

The *provocation* then must be of the highest kind. This cannot arise from any indifferent person. They can never *provoke* us sufficiently—A man—or woman either—deserves to be hanged for killing such as these. No—A brother, a friend, a child, a wife, or a mistress, must therefore become the proper objects of our most deadly resentment. Ergo—

The application of this argument in some other chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE MINISTERIAL WRITER.

MY uncle then employed me to write a pamphlet, in defence of the ministry—

not of the gospel. I obeyed his commands, and put the manuscript into his hands; which he carried forthwith in his own name to Sir Robert.

He approved of it; 'twas sent to the press, and procured the parson preferment—but prevented his own—for it kept the knight out of the *House of Lords* for the remainder of that septennial.

The method I used in that pamphlet was this—I collected together every thing that had been ever objected against the minister, from his first entering into office till that time, and ipledixited every article of it *point blanc*, in the negative—*from my own certain knowledge and other sufficient authority*—Affirmed myself to be *no courtier*, nor even acquainted with one; but to be *a mere country gentleman*, of an independent fortune, who had never before troubled his head about *party disputes*, vulgarly styled *politics*—but, shocked at the *licentiousness of the times*, had entered a volunteer in the service of my king, my country, and the support of ministerial virtue and integrity.

I affirmed, that the high price of pro-

vitions, so loudly complained of, arose from the riches and affluence flowing daily into the kingdom, under the auspices of our minister—and that the accumulation of taxes, like the rising of rents, was the surest token of a nation's thriving—that the dearness of markets, with these new imposts of government, necessarily doubled industry—and that an increase of this *natural kind of manufacture*, was adding to the capital stock of the Commonwealth.

I lamented the fatal effects to be apprehended from all these heats, animosities, and revilings, which, I said, *I had good reason* to affirm, were but a method of acting and infilling treason under cover—for that, whenever *the minister was abused, the king was attacked*.

So, profligate parsons, whenever they fall into detestation or contempt, inveigh against the impiety of the times, and charge the scandal and reproach they have themselves induced upon their function, to the atheism of the laity.

This book of mine has been the *codex*, or *ars politica*, of all the ministerial sycophants ever since that æra—for I have

scarcely met with a paragraph in any of the state-hireling writers, for many years past, that I could not trace fairly back to my own *code*.

CHAP. VI.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE TOBY.

THE income of my uncle's new benefice was considerable; and I thought that I had some claim to part of the emoluments of it. I was amused with hope for several years; during which time he contrived to get some other useful jobs out of me—But my good uncle was a courtier, as I told you before—He promised, and performed, like one.

This disappointment, this ingratitude, *provoked* my resentment to the highest degree—Here read the penultima chapter over again, and I'll wait for you.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

However, this incident happened afterwards to turn out a good deal to my own advantage.—If I can help others to live by my wits, said I to myself, one day that I happened to be in a reasoning mood, what a fool must I be, not to endeavour to manufacture them a little toward my own profit?

I had been just then pried—I wrote a sermon, preached and published it—But I hate to tell a story twice, as much as others do to hear one.

I then formed the design of writing my own memoirs—Why not? Every French ensign does the same. If we are not of sufficient consequence to the world, we certainly are so to ourselves. We feel our own self-importance—and how natural is it to express one's feelings!

In order to embellish this work, I drew a sketch of my uncle's character.—It was bitter enough, to say the truth of it—for truth it was—But happening to shew this *trait* to some of my friends, they reprehended me for it.—Parsons, said they, God knows, have enemies enough already—they need not slander one another.

No man brooks chiding better—nor can I long harbour resentment. I have no inimicality in my nature—my blood is milk, and curdles at another's wo—I had forgiven the man long before ; and it was more out of humour, than malice, that I had *been tempted*, not *provoked*, to introduce him on the scene.

I immediately changed my purpose.—But, as this defalcation had left an *hiatus deflendus* in my *piece*—for they are all but *pieces*—I supplied the chasm of this *dramatis personae*, by an imaginary *uncle Toby*, already sufficiently known to the world.

Many years before this latter æra, I happened to fall into matrimony—*Secd chartæ filent*—The modest reader, and I desire no other, will surely suffer me to *draw the curtain* here.—And so finishes the sixth chapter.

CHAP. VII.

LE FEVRE.

AND now it is full time to commence a new one—But I am again precipitating matters and things too hastily.—I was always giddy.—The reader must have time allowed him for digestion—let us take up my story a little higher.

My father was an Englishman, and had a command in the army. He was stationed in Ireland at the time of my birth, which happened—I forget what year—in the city of Clonmel.—I remained in that kingdom till I was about twelve years old—and there I received the first rudiments of literature, from the kindness and humanity of a lieutenant, who was in the same corps with my father—his name was Le Fevre.

But, indeed, I owe infinitely more to him than my Latin grammar. It was he that taught me *the Grammar of Virtue*—It was this most excellent person who first instilled into my mind the principles—not of a *Parson*—but of a *Divine*—It was he who imbued my soul with humanity, beneve-

lence, and charity—It was he who inspired me with that *vibration* for the distresses of mankind,

“Which, like the needle true,
“Turns at the touch of others wo,
“And, turning, trembles too.”*

—It was he who instructed me, that temperance is the best source of charity.—’Tis in this sense only, that it should ever be said *to begin at home*—Readers, throw your gout, your cholics, your scurvies, to the poor.

—It was he who furnished me with this admirable hint to charity—that *the more a person wants, the less will do him good*.

—It was he who softened my nature to that tender sensibility, and fond sympathy, which have created the principal pains and pleasures of my life; and which will, I trust in God, insure the latter, in the next, without its alloy—Amen!

This good man has been long dead; and, in grateful honour of his memory, I have mentioned his name in another place

* Mrs. Greville’s Ode.

—'Twas all I could!—I would have *plucked a nettle from his grave*, had I seen one ever grow there—For surely there was nothing, either in the humours of his body, or the temperament of his mind, that such a *noli me tangere* weed could be nourished by, or emblematic of.—

CHAP. VIII.

A DIGRESSION ON WIT.

WHAT is Wit?—'Tis not a manufacture—it is not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of study and labour, as sense, reason, and science are—Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready cut and dry*, come bounce all complete together into the brain, without the least manner of reflection.

Even I have sometimes said things without design, unconscious of any kind of wit in them myself, till the sound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter—and so it might, for any great harm it would do—I should then have in-

curring the penalty of a sort of *chance-medley* treason. It would have required time and thought to have expressed myself worse—or according to law—upon such occasions.

What is the reason, that between two persons, of equal sense and learning, an imagery shall generally strike the one, and never the other?—That upon viewing a green field, stocked with new shorn sheep, one man shall see nothing there but grass and mutton, and that another shall resemble it to a *tansey* flock with almonds?

That one person shall *plainly* say, of a fine day in winter, that the sun shines, but does not warm—while another shall, at the same instant, compare it to a *jewel*, at once both bright and cold? etc.

Thus, you see, that wit is only a *double entendre*.

—What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double entendres* are not always wit also?—

Nay, the prudish Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it:

“Much less can that have any place,

“At which a virgin hides her face—

“Such drops the fire must purge away.
 ’Tis just
 “The writer blush, whene’er the reader
 must.”

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER I MYSELF HAVE WIT.

THIS point has been questioned by some—One *Biographer Triglyph*, calls me an *anomalous, heteroclite* writer—words, by the by, that signify the same thing;—says, that *I have more sauce than pig*, * etc.—They allow me oddness, originality, and humour—but deny me *wit*.

If by this expression they mean epigrammatic point, perhaps I may have but little of it.—But, let wit be *sauce*, according to good Master Triglyph—Must sauces always be poignant?—Is not that esteemed the best cookery, where the ingredients are so equally blended, that no one particular flavour predominates upon the pa-

* The Triumvirate, the preface.

late?—Decayed appetites only require the sharper seasonings.

They grant me humour, originality, and description.—What then is wit, if these articles do not comprehend it?—And if it is any thing else, how little necessary must it be, where these already are?

The ancients styled wit *ingenium*—capacity, invention, powers.—Martial was the first person who reduced it to *a point*—and too many of the writings, since that æra, of the *faux brilliants*, have been so very *eager*, that they have almost *set one's teeth on edge*.

So far I am easy on this score, whether they allow me wit, or no.

CHAP. X.

OF WIT, IN MORALS.

I FORMERLY used to prefer Pliny's Epistles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds—because of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former.—I remember, when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and insipid—but it was when I admired Martial and Cowley.

Plain meats, simply dressed, are certainly more wholesome food, than higher cooked repasts.—But one who has indulged, or rather depraved, his appetite, with the latter viands, cannot, without difficulty, recover his natural relish for the former.—We are just in the same circumstances in literature.

The sport of fancy, and a play of words, may have, perhaps, this effect, to fix the sentiment more strongly in the mind—but I seldom found that they carried their uses farther—

Play round the head, but enter not the heart.

Strong phrases, and opposition of terms, may store the *common place* of memory with apt sentiments, which may help a person to shine in writing, or conversation; but this wants the true *splendour* of learning, the *temperato usu*: while sound sense and reason, more plainly expressed, operates upon us in the nature of an *alterative medicine*—slow, but sure.

And though, by degrees, we bound *with vigour not our own*; yet, not being able

directly to impute our strength to any foreign assistance, we are apt to cherish that sense and virtue, which we by this means acquire, as we do *the hairs of our own loins*—while those acquisitions we make, by the help of *remembered wit* only, are received into the heart as coldly as an *adoption*.

I find myself moralizing here, somewhat in the very style I have been reprehending—but I have not restrained my pen—for, when we condemn a fault—to carry on the vein—we should endeavour *to make an example of it*.—And it may be applied to me, what was said of Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, “that he was declaiming against wit with all the wit he could muster.”

But witty I am henceforth *resolved* to be for the rest of my life.—Lord, Sir, resolution is a powerful thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, and a few women chaste.—Let us try now, whether this same miraculous faculty cannot make one parson witty—for a wonder.

CHAPTER XL.

TRIGLYPH AND TRISTRAM
COMPARED.

BUT the author of the *Triumvirate* is still more severe on me, on account of some free passages in my works—Call them not my *works*, but my *sports* only—and please to let Master Triglyph know, that I was not writing treatises on morals, or lectures on religion, at that time—I wrote entirely for *the benefit of my own health*, and that of my readers also.

Bacon, in his *historia vitæ et mortis*, recommends cheerful and light writings to be read, *for life and death*—and I will actually get them inserted among the *materia medica*, in the next edition of the London Dispensatory.—Why should we find fault with the archness of any passage, that contributes towards so salutary a purpose? what freedoms are not surgeons obliged often to use, particularly in obstructions—for the health or safety of the chaste maid or matron?

Some other philosopher recommends *hæ nugæ* too for the relief of the mind.

— *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school, whose motto is, *Ride, si sapias*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodifical* a severity—while those indeed cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honour, morals, or religion.

But prithee, ladies, is not Triglyph full as arch and free as Trifram?—I shall not take the pains to collate the several passages together—nor, like friend Kidgel, *reveal*, while I *expose*—But is not his LXXXVIIIth chapter *un chef d'oeuvre* in this way?

He therein mentions the accidental view of a fine woman stark-naked—indeed he neither describes her person, her limbs,

her complexion, nor makes use of any one loose idea, or indecent expression— — Better he had— —for then the offence would have ended there—But how is the reader's imagination inflamed, and his passions emoved, by sympathy, with those effects which the spectator tells you this object had upon his own senses and sensations?

To be able thus to raise a smile, without a *blush*, and to provoke *desire* without offending *decency*, is an art, good Master Triglyph, that is capable of *uncalculating* a faint.

Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art, etc.

But I do not deny the man his merits, as he has also the candour not to refuse me mine—for though we are both great rivals, it is in a sentiment that ought to make us the greater friends—We seem equally to wish, and most fervently pray, for “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.”
Amen!

But to proceed— —

CHAP. XII.

THE ABIGAIL.

WHEN I was about twelve years old, as I told you before, my father and mother returned into England, and brought me over with them: I was then placed at a regular school—at my own most earnest instance, threatening, if refused, to enlist myself among the strolling gypsies, to purchase *any knowledge, at any rate*—From whence I was, in due time, transferred to the university.

I need not trouble you here with a particular account of my education—the benefits of it are sufficiently apparent in my writings—*Let your works, not your words, prove you*, says somebody—if not, I say so myself. So that my life is all that the reader has any right to call upon me for here.

In that large field, then, I was first entered by my mother's maid—This was no *slip* of mine—the *back-sliding* was all her own—Alas! what wit had I?—And for this *faux pas* it is needless to make any

manner of apology—Men must be initiated in the mysteries of iniquity, in order the more safely to pursue the paths of virtue—

And if you will not take my word for it, because I am a Christian, listen to what Terence, who was a notorious Heathen, says upon this subject:

Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,

Me reperisse quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia, et mores, posset
noscere,

Maturè ut cum cognôrit, perpetuo
oderit.

EUN.

I happened to marry some time after, and communicated my experience to my wife—*she nothing leath, etc.*

It would, I think, be highly improper in me to add one sentence more to such a chapter as this.

CHAP. XIII.

ON LITERAL MODESTY.

AS the world seems not to be charitably enough inclined to give me credit for the merit of the above title, it forces me here to break through the very rules of it, in order to point out those instances where I happen to afford any rare specimen of my *bienfance*.

The close of my last chapter is a remarkable example of this kind.—With what becoming decency did I drop the curtain, in that scene! According to the rule of Horace,

— — — — *Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam.*

And yet I have read Meursius, Aufonius, and Martinus Scriblerus, I assure you—which I think I may confess the more freely, as you may perceive that I am not a bit the worse for such dangerous precedents.

A word by the by.— — — — Precedents are the band and disgrace of legislature.

—They are not wanted, to justify right measures,—are absolutely insufficient to excuse wrong ones—They can only be useful to heralds, dancing-masters, and gentlemen-ushers— —because, in these departments, neither reason, virtue, nor the *salus populi*, or *suprema lex*, can have any operation.

Another instance of my reticence, is, that though I brought Terence upon the carpet, I did not quote that passage from him, where he has the impudence to say,

Non est flagitium, crede mihi, adoles-
centulum

Scortari, neque potare.

ADELPH.

Which, though, in reality, not spoken in the mere *dictionary sense* of the words, might have, however, been made a sinister use of, had I had any of that profligate turn of mind, that has, sometimes, been so unfairly imputed to me.

I love a joke; I don't deny it—and whether 'tis a *black* or a *white* one, I own that I do not always wait to examine. But what does this signify? Abler persons

The Koran. Vol. I.

D

than I often take things in the lump, — and, provided we are but pleased, methinks it is being rather more nice than wise, to consider through what medium. But then, I think it no joke, to debauch or corrupt another person's mind or principles.—Charge this upon me who can.

CH A P. XIV.

ON LIBERAL MODESTY.

DO you comprehend the distinction of this title? for I am no definitioner.

Αἰδώς ex αἰσχύ, is an expression of Hesiod's. Horace calls it *pudor malus*, and the French say *mauvaise honte*. By all which terms is meant, that kind of bashfulness which is observed in young persons of the best parts and merit, on their first entrance into life, or mixing with the world; and which many people are never after able to shake off.

This sort of modesty is said to be highly commendable, and a token of hopeful presage in youth. For my part, I cannot see why—Is it not an advantage to be in

possession of all one's faculties?—can a happy person be so? While a little assurance, like the *Tincture of Sage*, gives a man *the perfect possession of himself*.*

Can a man, who has a diffidence of his powers, either write, speak, love, or fight, as well as he who reposes a confidence in them? When we would cast a reflection on the character of a soldier, need we use severer terms than to say, *he is bashful*—he is apt to be *embarrassed* on the day of battle, etc.

But were we to investigate this same *imputed* merit, in the school of philosophy, we should probably find that it has its foundation, not so much in the *modesty* of others, as in the *vanity* of ourselves. We naturally accept this *awe before us*, as a deference to our own superiour consequence, and so are first *flattered*, before *we praise*.

As I am not much given to adulation myself, I never remember to have paid "a sneaking compliment of this sort to any one in my life." I have ever sat, walk-

* See Dr. Hill's advertisement.

ed, or conversed, at perfect ease, among persons of the highest rank or genius—and should be as much ashamed of keeping a reserve over whatever little wit or parts I am possessed of, before people of superior talents, as I should be of flinking into “a slut’s corner” of the room, because there happened to be a taller or an handsomer man in company.

CH A P. XV.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WELL, reader—whether you be male or female—methinks I have proved myself *man enough* for you now : and what would you have more? You have no right to expect any extraordinary adventures, or critical situations, in the life of a sickly, home-bred, married, country parson.

I have, indeed, had some—say many—connexions, with certain anecdotes, or private memoirs, relative to others, that would most highly entertain you; and I think I was never in a better humour for telling a story in my life, than I happen

to be at this very instant. But my heart fails me. Laugh at me as much as you please, and welcome—but I shall never make you merry “at the expense of friends.”

With regard to myself, I have been ever a thinking—and who would think it?—rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an Errant Knight, but my body only a simple Squire—and it has been so harassed, and chivalried with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its master, that it has long wished to quit the service—frequently crying out, with Sancho, “a blessing on his heart who first invented sleep.”

However, notwithstanding the natural indolence of this same body of me, I have contrived to fulfil, completely, all the characteristics of man—which some philosopher specifies to be these four—

To build an house—

To raise a tree—

To write a book—

And

To get a child.—

These four cardinal virtues, then, have

I already most religiously performed—so as to be able, according to the moral of the story of Protogenes and Apelles, told by Prior,

“In life’s visit to leave my name.”

These are, all of them, believe me, *verb. facer.*—very pleasant operations: inasmuch that I am really surprised men do not perform every one of them oftener than they do.—They are all of them, moreover, works, the most expressly imitative of creation.—’Tis to bring order out of chaos, to elicit light from darkness, and to ornament and people the face of the earth.

Go to—go to—ye idle vagabonds of the world—

Build houses—

Rear trees—

Write books—

And

Get children—

Endeavour to leave some relative idea of yourselves behind ye—so that if posterity should not happen to be sorry for your

death, let them have some reason at least to be sorry that ye had not lived.

CHAPTER. XVI.

A LETTER.

MADAM,

I CAN easily perceive how much you were disappointed upon the close of my last chapter.—You had reason, I confess, to have expected something more arch from me upon the subject, than I have there treated you withal.

“Quid tibi vis, mulier?”

But I never pimp for others—and I happened not to be in humour for a joke “of any colour” myself in that section. I have laboured under a severe fit of cholic and asthma for some time past. This is a great reformer of manners.

Nay, so far have I carried my literal modesty in that chapter, that where I speak of the four characteristics of mankind; I comprehend them all under the philosophical term of Creation—without distin-

guishing the latter article, as I might very fairly have done, by the mechanical technic of Pro-creation. No—in that passage you see I have kept quite clear both of Pro and Con.

And again—where I come to mention this last manoeuvre, I only make use of the general word *get*—instead of introducing the obstetrical one of *beget*; which, may it please your ladyship, would have pointed, you know, more directly *ad rem*.

I am, Madam, etc.

T. J. U.

To the counts of * * * *.

CHAP. XVII.

THE LAPSUS LINGUAE.

BUT, in general, I am not quite so guarded—I mean with respect to my expressions only:—for words sometimes escape me, without corresponding ideas. I happen unfortunately to be infected with a certain peculiar phraseology, which, in the hurry of speech, I can rarely command—and this makes me often appear to mean what may be very far from my thoughts at the time.

I have sometimes scolded my servants, and rated my wife and children, with all imaginable seriousness—and when I have been shocked at their appearing to tremble too much under the terrors of my wrath, think what a mortification it must have been—“to a man in a passion”—to perceive that their sides were only shaking with laughter, at some odd image, or ridiculous expression I had struck out, *at a heat*, unawares.

The same cannon-ball that took off Marshal Turenne's head, carried away one of General St. Hilaire's arms.—His son standing by, burst into a passion of grief at his father's misfortune; who reproved him, saying, “Weep not, my child, for *me*—but for *him*.”

The generous concern, and nobleness of sentiment, with which that brave man must have been affected at that instant, were so powerful over my nerves, that it “made my heart move within me like the sound of a trumpet *.”

* So Sir Philip Sidney says of himself, whenever he heard the ballad of Percy and Douglas.

I happened to repeat this story once in company, and it had its effect—till concluding it with these words—"pointing to the nameless corse * with the only hand he had left"—they all fell a-laughing. I thought them brutes—but quickly recollecting myself, felt ashamed.

Explaining the mystery of the redemption once to a young templar, I happened to make an allusion, adapted to his own science, of the "levying a fine, and suffering a recovery:" this simile was repeated afterwards to my disadvantage; and I was deemed an infidel thenceforward.

And why? merely because I am a merry parson, I suppose—for St. Patrick, the Irish patron, because he was a grave one, was canonized for illustrating the Trinity by the comparison of a Shamrock **.

* Sine nomine corpus. *Virg.*

** The trefoil, or Trois-feuille.

CHAP. XVIII.

TO THE READER.

YOU complain—that is, I hope you do—of the shortness of my chapters—but, if you would have them longer, you must take up with them duller. There are but few subjects that can afford variety enough to entertain you through many pages.

Therefore, in steps the good old saying, with great propriety, here, that “two heads are better than one”—and my arguments, like those of Hydra, grow out of each other: as fast as I despatch one, another springs up in its place.

But never fear, my good readers, for I shall make this work as long as I can, though not so tedious as I might. I use no attorney arts to protract a suit; and wish that the Frederic-code was to obtain in literature as well as in law.

You shall certainly meet with subject-matter sufficient for your money, in these volumes—but you will find them all under the head, or chapter, of *short causes*.

Few words among friends are best, they

say—fewer still between enemies, I say—
And you must be one or t'other of these,
believe me—for I defy your indifference.

CHAP. XIX.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

ABOUT a year before I was married, I
received the following most extraordinary
and interesting letter—

See chapter XV. paragraph 2.

But, as I was saying, what business,
now-a-days, since the Reformation has ex-
punged the good old practice of *confessing*
out of our Ritual, can a parson have with
another man's wife?—To say that she
called upon me in her difficulties, and that
I relieved her from want, and succoured

her in distress—and that these very considerations would have put it absolutely out of my power to have attempted her, had I been ever so much a libertine—availed me not. The reply was still—*that she was another man's wife.*

So that, it seems, all wives are to be treated like the queens of Spain—who, if they happen to tumble into a ditch, must be suffered to ly, kicking and sprawling there, for life, till their royal consort shall be at leisure, or so disposed, to go and take them out of it.

It is death for any subject to lay his profane finger on her *Majesty*. And as the *crown-lawyers* have not yet been able to determine in what *point* of her most *sacred person* her *divinity* resides, hands off from every part of her body, has been always deemed the safest measure.

One of these *miserables of state* happened once to be thrown from her palfrey on the pavement of the *Escurial*. Her royal foot stuck in the stirrup, and she was dragged round the area for a considerable time, her faithful equerry running all the while by her side, his head

turned averſe, his arm ſtretched out, and holding his hat between his thumb, index, and middle finger— —as dancing-maſters teach you on a ſalute—over *her Maſeſty*—till king Don was ſummoned from council, to reſtore *this ſame Maſeſty* to decency again. She might have loſt her life by her miniſterial magna charta of *precedent*.

This adventure of mine was the firſt thing that ever involved me in debt. I was obliged to borrow two hundred pounds beyond my own currency upon this occaſion. I had no ſufficient ſecurity to proffer. But Captain Le Fevre happened luckily, juſt then, to have ſold out of the army—*I mortgaged the ſtory* to him, and he lent me the money.

He was not a man to accept of intereſt, ſo I made him a preſent. He loved reading much. A collection of ingenious and entertaining papers, ſtyled *The World*, happened to be juſt then collected together, and publiſhed in four volumes. I ſent them to him, with the following lines inſcribed. They were the firſt rhimes I have ever attempted to tag in my life.

To Captain Lewis Le Fevre.

For one who rashly lent me cash, 'tis fit
 That I should make a *venture* too in wit.
 In vain I through my pericranium sought:
 But having heard, that *wit is best that's*
bought,

I sent to Doddsley's for *these presents few,*
To let all men know I am bound to you.
 Great Sawney wept that *one world was no*
store—

How happier you, who now may laugh at
four!

C H A P. XX.

E P I G R A M.

AFTER this cheerful manner have I hitherto passed through life, disappointments, and bad health—but not without suffering many severe strictures on my dissipation and informality. The lightness of my manners has been reprehended often, though it arises really from the weight of my philosophy. What is there in life that's worth a serious thought? And for the same

reason, from having conceived a better opinion of Providence than is generally reputed *orthodox*, I have been sometimes deemed an infidel.

Upon the present theological computation, ten souls must be lost for one that's saved. At which rate of reckoning, heaven can raise but its *cohorts**, while hell commands its *legions***. From which sad account it would appear, that though our Saviour had conquered *death* by the *resurrection*, he had not yet been able to overcome *sin* by the *redemption*.

This surely must be most *damnable* arithmetic. No—no—I think, that if we fairly give him all tyrants, usurers, murderers both of life and fame, your hypocrites, perjured lovers, and every *premier* upon record; except Sully, Walsingham, and Strafford, *who signed his own deathwarrant, to save his king and country*, we do as much for the devil as he, *in all con-*

* A body of only 500 men.

** A corps of 5000 men.

science, or your reverences for him, can
in justice require*.

I happened to dine once with a friend
of mine. Wine was wanting. He sent me
to the cellar. It had been hewed out of a
solid rock. At my return into the room,
I wrote the following extempore card to
my host, and threw it across the table:

When Moses struck the rock with rod
divine,—

Cold water flow'd—your's yields us
gen'rous wine—

So at the marriage feast, the scripture tells
us,

That water turn'd to wine rejoic'd good
fellows.

* Hic quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,

Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti;

Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,

Nec partem posuere suis; quæ maxima turba
est:

Quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti

Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Inclusi paenam expectant.—

Some years after this very harmless sport of fancy, these lines were quoted against me, by a certain bishop, as a proof that I neither believed one word of the Old Testament, nor of the New. This stopped my preferment. I only smiled, and *preferred* myself—to him.—

CH A P. XXI.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SINCE I am in for it, I'll tell you another *excommunicable thing* I did. Whether before or after, I forget. Is it any matter which?

In the city of——, the church was repairing, and the corporation of that town had accommodated the parish with their *Tholsel*, or town-house, as a chapel of ease, for the time. There happened to have been an election for that city not long before. Upon which *mercantile* occasion, the worshipful mayor, aldermen, etc. had notoriously ---- You know how elections are usually carried on, and what admirable securities they are become, of late, for our lives, liberties, and properties!

I was among the congregation one Sunday, when the gospel for the day happened to be taken out of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke, where our Saviour is said to have driven *the buyers and sellers* out of the temple. An *impetus* of honest indignation seized me. I took out my pencil, and wrote the following hasty lines on one of the pannels of the pew I sat in:

Whoever reads nineteenth of Luke, believes

The house of prayer was once a den of thieves—

Now, by permission of our pious mayor,
A den of thieves is made an house of prayer.

I was observed. I happened to have been admitted a freeman in that corporation some time before this incident; and having been detected in the above sarcasm, the mayor had my name immediately struck out of the books, *ex officio* merely—without any manner of legal process or pretence.

But here I had no reason to complain. I had certainly, in this instance, been guilty of an *impiety* against the fraternity of this

corporation—and they resented it *like men* — — I am only surprised at the infallibility of your *divines* — —

Among whom there are many pious ejaculators, who think that I ought to have been excommunicated long ago. However, I am sure that I am well enough entitled to be received a priest, in the Persian temples at least—as all the initiated were obliged to pass through a noviciate of reproach and pain, to give proof of their being free from passion, resentment, and impatience.

I am in the same predicament with Cato the censor— — not in the severity of his discipline, I confess—but in the particular, at least, of his having been *four score* times accused. But he had the advantage of a fairer trial than ever I had— — for he was as often *acquitted*.

God forgive them! But I forgive them their prayers, in return, on account of an old proverb—Need I repeat it?

CHAPTER XXII.

TOLERATION—OR PERSECUTION.

I WAS speaking of these things one day to Voltaire, and he wished me joy of the great happiness and advantages of living in a country, where such expressions and allusions, which ignorance or malice might be capable of construing into treason or blasphemy against church or state, could escape the Inquisition or Bastile.

He then put into my hand his treatise on *Toleration*, which had been but just published. It is written, like all his works, with great spirit, wit and learning, to prove, what no fool could ever yet dispute, that persecution, *for God's sake*, is a most wicked thing, and contrary to Reason, Nature, and Scripture.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that since there is such a diabolical spirit in the depravity of Human Nature, as persecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any *inquisition*, any *auto da fé*, any *crusade*, among the Pagans.

That during the ages of ignorance and barbarity, while the devil, as divines tell us, governed the Church, equivocated in their oracles, ordained impurities, and commanded human sacrifices, brethren were not set against brethren, nor nation against nation, in *civil fury* or in *pious war*.

But that, as soon as it had pleased God, by miraculous interposition, to take the church into his own hands, so shocking and impious an æra should thence commence—that the word of peace should call forth the sword, and the precepts of love and concord produce hatred and dissension.

The Christian—say *un-christian*—priest informs me, the reason of this remarkable difference was, that the heathens happened to have no one article of *belief* worth the quarrelling about—as they universally supposed the soul to perish with the body—*Post mortem nihil est*, was their creed. And that even those few, among the philosophers, who admitted of a post-existence, at the same time denied an hell. *Non est unus*, says Cicero, *tam excors, qui credat*.

Thus then, continues the good catholic,

while the whole of human existence was ignorantly supposed to have been comprehended within the pale of mortal life, peace, friendship, and good-will, were, most certainly, preferable to war, enmity, and persecution.

But when the immortal soul was once put under the care of Christ's Vicar here on earth—how totally unworthy to be styled Priests of the Lamb, and Oracles of the Dove, must those divines be, who would not cast the body of an heretic into the flames! *

I cannot help differing in opinion from the orthodoxy of this true catholic tenet; and am more inclined to agree with Cicero, in the passage above quoted, though he was but groping in the dark himself.—For to believe a soul, and damn it, methinks, is not light—but lightning.

* The popish text for *broiling* is taken from that passage in Scripture, where it is said, *hominem haereticum devita*—which last word they construe into *de vita tollere*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY RELIGION.

WHAT are thy own notions about religion? you ask me.—I'll tell you.—I am now on my death-bed.

I have both conviction and faith enough in that article to become a methodist, and spiritual warmth sufficient to render me an enthusiast that way; but that, I thank God, I have never yet been wicked enough to rush into such extravagancies.

Passions must be combated by passion.—Therefore, your grievous sinners generally turn devotees.—This is the natural consequence of a sort of people, who, though a paradox, are common enough in life, "*qui credunt multum, et peccant fortiter.*"

For my own part, I trust that the gentle breezes of the established orthodoxy of our church may be strong enough to waft my soul to heaven.—I have not such a weight of sin suspended at the tail of my kite, as to require a storm to raise it. And, since the ceasing of the oracles, I think that a

person may be inspired with sufficient grace, without falling into convulsions.

I am as certain that there is a God above, as that I myself am here below.—My certainty is the same—for how otherwise did I come here?

“Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus?
how here?”

“Not of myself.”

He must love virtue, and detest vice: Consequently, he must both reward and punish. If we are not accountable creatures, we are surely the most unaccountable animals on the face of the earth.

After the spirit is fled, and this body perished in the grave, does the resurrection of men combat thy vain philosophy? Consult the caterpillar, thou ignorant, and the butterfly shall resolve thee. In its first state, sluggish, helpless, inert—crawling on the face of the earth, and grossly feeding on the herbage of the field. After its metamorphosis, its resurrection, a winged seraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, sipping aureoan

dew, and extracting nectareous essences from aromatic flowers *.

Has not the improbable fable of the Hydra's heads been long since verified—may even exceeded, beyond the bounds of the most extravagant fiction, as being absolutely contrary to the whole course of Nature before known—by the polypus, which generates by section?—The analogies of Nature sufficiently point out the ways of Providence.

Must every thing be impossible, which our insufficiency cannot account for?—Are there not innumerable mysteries in Nature, which accident reveals, or experimental philosophy demonstrates to us, every day? And shall we yet presume to limit the powers of the Great Author of that very Nature?

What was it that created matter? What was it that gave that matter motion? What was it that to matter and motion added sensation? What was it that superadded to these, consciousness, intelligence, and

* Psyche, in the Greek language, signifies both a butterfly, and the soul.

reflection?—What was it—Great God, what was it? Resolve me, ye infidels, what it was. Till then, be dumb. O saddest folly!

1. Lewenhoeck, by the help of his glasses, shews you certain fibres in the body of a full grown man, so very fine, that six hundred of them, combined together, but compose the thickness of a single hair of his head.

2. He also demonstrates to you, through the same medium, that a grain of sand is large enough to cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the orifices through which we daily transpire.

3. Water can be made to freeze in the middle of summer, provided that 'tis brought close to the fire.

4. A lens of ice may be used as a burning-glass.

5. A line of but an inch long, is capable of being divided into as many parts as one of a mile in length.

6. The sun is some millions of miles nearer to us in winter than in summer.

7. When a person travels round the

earth, his head goes many thousand miles farther than his heels.

8. There are two lines, in mathematic certainty, which may continue to approximate, *ad infinitum*, without even a possibility of ever coming into contact with each other*.

Prithee, now, my good infidels, is there any one article of faith, in the whole Christian creed, which appears to be more contrary to reason or probability, than these eight foregoing propositions? And yet they are all of them capable, either of experimental proof, or mathematical demonstration.

Can any person, who is capable of making such reflections as these, be ever supposed an infidel to either natural or revealed religion? They must have a faith of incredulity, who could give credit to such a supposition. "*Qui studet orat*," is a just expression.

* The asymptotes of an hyperbola—See Geometric Sections.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONVERT.

I HAPPENED to have an intimacy once with a man of sense and virtue; but who had, at the same time, a certain indolence of mind, that suffered him to acquiesce in the opinions of others, without ever taking the trouble to examine them. He had more wit than wisdom; and a jest was an argument to him, as well as it was with Shaftesbury*.

I loved and pitied him—to have virtue enough to act rightly, and yet not sense sufficient to judge so. We have had frequent conversations on this subject.—He said often, that he would give the world to be able to think as I did, and begged my assistance.

I soon made him a deist, without any other help than my own poor philosophy.—I then put Duncan Forbes's "Thoughts upon Religion," into his hands**. He read

* Who makes Ridicule the test of Truth.

** The argument he urges, is, That expia-

the book carefully through, and returned it to me, with this reflection, written at the foot of the last page, "Thou almost persuadedst me to be a Christian."

I then presented him with Paschal's *Thoughts on the same subject* *. He returned them to me soon after, with this indorsement on the cover, "I am not only almost, but altogether such as thou art—except in the absurd and unphilosophical notion of transubstantiation."

Make a person but a sound moralist first, and it must be then owing to indolence or

tion, by the means of blood and sacrifice, which runs through all the Jewish and Pagan rites, was so irrational an idea, that nothing but an original revelation of the method of redemption, which was thereafter to obtain in the Christian system of Providence, could possibly have ever induced the belief and practice of it.

* In his *Provincial Letters*, one of the strongest proofs he offers for the truth of Christianity, arises from the very obstinacy of a whole race of people,—styles the Jews a standing miracle, because they have ever since remained under the remarkable description of the prophetic curse.

Ignorance, rather than to impiety or infidelity, if you cannot afterwards make him become a Christian. I have had the satisfaction, ever since, to see this worthy man add faith to good works, and live an orthodox and exemplary life, both in belief and practice.

Which, that we may all do, etc.

CHAP. XXV.

CHEERFULNESS.

IT is this true sense of religion that has rendered my whole life so cheerful as it has ever so remarkably been—to the great offence of your religionists. Though why, prithee, should priests be always grave? Is it so sad a thing to be a parson?

“Be ye as one of these,” said the Lord—that is, as merry as little children. “The Lord loveth a cheerful giver”—and why not a cheerful taker also? The thirty-nine articles are incomplete, without a fortieth precept, enjoining cheerfulness. Or, you may let the number stand as it does at present, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place this heavenly maxim in the room of it.

Might not the Archbishop of Cashel—I don't mean this man by any means—have been a sound divine; though he added the arch stanza about Broglia to the old Irish ballad*? Did the bishop—not the Earl—of Rochester's poems, on the man-like properties of a lady's fan, ever impeach his orthodoxy in the least?

Heliodorus, bishop of— I forget where—was deprived of his see, because he wrote Theagenes and Chariclea. This was doubly absurd in the pope. Here, his Holiness's infallibility happened to overshoot the mark. In the first place, there was nothing either arch or heterodox in the whole novel. In the next, was not the circumstance of a white child being generated from black parents, by the impression of an European portrait hanging at the foot of a bridal couch, a corroboration—if it wanted one—of the scripture philosophy about the streaked goats?—I begin to suspect, that your popes are like other men, after all.

Plato and Seneca—and surely they were

* In praise of Moll Roc.

both grave and wise enough to have been consecrated—thought that a sense of cheerfulness and joy should ever be encouraged in children, from their infancy—not only on account of their healths, but as productive of true virtue; which is the literal translation of their very words—as far as I am able to construe Greek or Latin.

Cheerfulness, even to gaiety, is consonant with every species of virtue, and practice of religion.—I think it inconsistent only with impiety or vice.—“The ways of Heaven are pleasantness.” We adore, we praise, we thank the Almighty, in hymns, in songs, in anthems—and those set to music too. Let “O be joyful,” be the Christian’s psalm—and leave the sad Indian to incant the devil, with tears and screeches.

When the Athenians picture an owl, as the bird of wisdom, they never meant the screech-owl surely. But, indeed, I think, with their leave, that the sparrow would have been a fitter emblem of true wisdom, as being the merriest and most loving bird of the air.

There have been some popes who would

The Koran. Vol. I.

G

have excommunicated me for such an allusion as this.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SAD REFLECTION.

THAT there should ever be so much irreligion in the world! that those—for this renders the evil irremediable—whose greatest interest it must certainly be to strengthen and support this great, this only bulwark of our lives and properties, should become the greatest examples, and principal encouragers, of infidelity!—

I mean those, whom the world, by a strange abuse of terms, styles the Great. These have certainly an higher stake, at the hazard of vice, immorality, and impiety, than persons in the middle ranks of life—who happily stand a phalanx between them and the vulgar.

And yet—other knaves but sacrifice their spiritual to their temporal interest. These most especial worthies, at once both knaves and fools, equally squander both. Good lack! good lack!—But men are worse than

they need be, though there were neither hell nor gibbet in the question.

Such thoughts and reflections as these might well become a sermon. But novels are more read at present than serious discourses. I must, therefore, use the most convenient vehicle for instruction—imitating Doctor Young, who wrote a play, for the propagation of the gospel *. And I shall ever take care, for the rest of my life, that all my writings shall be, if not sermonic, *sermoni propria* at least.

But enough, for the present, of my sentiments and opinions; and let us go on a little farther with the series of small adventures in my desultory life.

C H A P. XXVII.

M E L A N C H O L Y.

BUT, as my whole scheme of life is pleasure, I sometimes indulge myself in the

* The Brothers—the profits of which he consecrated to the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts.

dear and heart-felt enjoyments of melancholy. I weep gladly, I give my tears, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but, like my alms, with cheerfulness.

Were I to be anatomized anew, I do most solemnly declare, that I would sooner part with my risible than my flebilile muscles. Sympathy is the great magnet—the cement of life. And my concord is stronger with the wretched than the happy—for philanthropy is my *primum mobile*, and pity is an augment to passion.

I can treat myself, whenever I please. I have lost some friends! I can call spirits from the vassly deep—strike at my breast, and find them there—Poor Le Fevre! unhappy Maria! my lost, my ever dear Eliza!

Or, I can read Samson Agonistes. He must have either a weak head, or strong eyes, who can peruse the first speech of that poem without tears—particularly the latter part of it, where he laments his loss of sight. Milton wrote it from his own feelings—and his blindness has often dimmed my sight.

But whenever I have a mind for a tho-

rough feast of weeping, I need only turn over to the history of Sir Thomas More's life, and read that passage in it, where his daughter, Mrs. Roper, meets him in the street, returning to the Tower immediately after his condemnation—My father! Oh! my father!

Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!

The mere title of a book, long since lost, styled "*Lamentatio glorię Regis Edwardi de Karnarvan, quam edidit tempore suę incarcerationis*."—The lamentation of the glorious King Edward of Karnarvan, which he composed during his imprisonment—sunk my spirits for a whole day. The opposition between the two first words (in the Latin), and then again between the third and last, affected me greatly. And though it was a very old story, I could not help feeling, for some time, as if I had heard some bad news.

But such things as these have not their effect upon every one. The many read only with their eyes, and hear only with their ears. The few peruse with their whole soul, and listen with all their feelings. In-

tuition and sensibility are the only organs of genius or of virtue.

The general hardness of heart one meets with among mankind, might tempt us to give credit to the old fable of Deucalion, and suppose men to be generated from stones. Or, one might fancy the world to be grown so corrupt of late, that the sacred person who had taken the salvation of mankind upon himself, has thought fit to entrust only a few, now-a-days, with the keeping of their own souls; and has kindly taken out those of the many, and locked them up safe, *in limbo patrum*, out of harm's way, till the day of judgment.

However, I dare not long, nor often, rejoice in this luxury of wo. My nerves are weak. I can command my mirth, but not restrain my melancholy.

C H A P. XXVIII.

SENSIBILITY.

WHEN I have been reading tragedy, or affecting passages in history, poetry, or even in romance, aloud before others, my

eyes have filled, and my voice has faltered. I attended for the same effect in my auditors—but, instead of tears at my recital, have frequently found them laughing at my emotion.

I have retired ashamed—not at them, but at myself. I have suspected my own weakness, rather than theirs—and the vanity of imagining I had sympathized with angels, has been sunk into the humiliating idea of my being susceptible of a greater foible than mortals—I have begun to doubt the strength of my own intellects, and, for some time, kept a jealous guard over all my words and actions.

But the countenance and sentiment of a few superiour spirits have, for a while, given me confidence once more. Again I have attempted the same experiment, and have again been banished to the same mortifying reflections—endeavouring still to steel my heart against another's wound in vain.

Fine feelings are laughed at by the world, and ridiculed by the stoical philosophy, as a weakness. This is too apt to put delicate minds out of countenance; who, in

order to appear wise, conceal their sensibility, and affect a character above human nature, from the example of those only who are below it.

CHAP. XXIX.

A REFLECTION ON MYSELF.

WHAT an hard fate is mine! with all the spirit, the frolic, the cheerfulness, the tender affections of youth, not to have nerves responsive to my feelings!—I want them not for my own enjoyments—but would have activity and vigour for the sole purposes of others.

I look wistfully often at young women. This is one of the things that has been misconstrued in me. The world are but bad grammarians of my principles or character. 'Tis not their beauty I covet, but their youth I envy. I look as fondly at men too—yet am no pathic. I kiss little children as I meet them in the streets—but am no kidnapper: I would live among

them, like old Hermippus *, if I could—
not for the sake of life—but love.

'T would sound like blasphemy, to say
what I would do or suffer for the sake of
mankind.

CHAP. XXX.

Continuation of Chapter XXVII.

THE MAD LOVER.

—OR I can recollect some scenes of mad-
ness I have—not purposely—been a wit-
ness of—particularly one, of a Cambridge
scholar, who had unhappily fallen in love
with his own sister. His passion and despair
had proved too strong for his virtue or his
reason.

“Was not Juno both wife and sister of
Jove? Adam and Eve were surely nearer
relations than we are. Their children, at
least, were brothers and sisters—and yet

* He is said to have attained to an extreme
age, by playing constantly with boys and girls—
nourishing his old lungs with the balsamic
effluvia of their young breaths.

were wedded to each other. Were not Amnon and Thamar married—or as good? such marriages as it was thought proper to permit in those times. The mode, indeed, is changed now-a-days. And why? 'Twere impious to say, that Omnipotence was under a necessity of dispensing with necessary forms in the beginning. He could have created a parson, sooner than he would have permitted a crime. If Sarah was not Abraham's sister, he certainly told a most damnable lie to Abimelech."

When they told him, in order to quiet his impatience, that his sister was dead, he swore it was impossible, because that he himself continued still alive. "We are already one flesh," said he, "and the sympathy is so strong between us, that I know when she is hungry, wakes, sneezes, or— —. She had a diabetes about half a year ago, and it had like to have killed me; but I drank plentifully of marshmallows tea, and it effectually cured her. She sleeps ill a-nights, and it breaks my rest. She has foul dreams sometimes—I am angry with her for that, I have done all in my power," continued he, "by fasting

and prayer, to cure this wickedness in myself; but her wantonness is too strong for me."

Most of those who were present laughed much at all this extravagance. I wept. One of the company observing my emotion, said, I presume, Sir, that you know this poor gentleman. Yes, I replied, recollecting myself, better than he does himself.

I walked immediately out of the room. I am sensible of a sympathy in my own nature, even stronger than his. I feel for all the ills and ails of those who are neither my brothers nor my sisters, except in the scripture sense.

The Mahometans have a veneration for lunatics—saying, "That God hath favourably deprived them of their senses, in order to render them guiltless to sin." I am a Mussulman.

CHAP. XXXI.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

TIS natural to speak of a thing, when one thinks of it. In truth, unless one is

apt to speak without any thought at all, how is it possible to do it at any other time?

But the subject of my last chapter has brought the biography of Doctor Swift into my mind. It is worthy to be remarked, that this extraordinary person, in his voyage to Laputa, speaking of people who had lost their senses, adds, "which is a scene that never fails to render me melancholy."

In another place, he imagines a set of men, whom he styles Strulbrugs, who had outlived their reason and every enjoyment of life.

And, in his will, he bequeaths his whole fortune to found an hospital for idiots and lunatics. He becomes himself a Strulbrug, before the years of dotage*, and dies the first tenant to his own endowment.

If these events had happened to have been a matter of any great consequence to the world, an historian would not have

* There is no such stage in life. *Senilis stultitia*, quae deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium.

CICERO.

failed to have made a large comment upon such extraordinary and concurring circumstances—infirming strongly on his prophetic sympathy.

The Lord preserve us all in our senses to the last—and after the last too. For I trust in God, that I never shall be wicked enough to compound for being rendered guiltless to sin, upon the Mahometan superstition.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PAYMENT.

THE method I contrived, in order to liquidate my pecuniary obligations to Le Fevre, was this:

I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in York. He had just then finished his time, come to set up in London, and had rented a window in one of the flagged alleys in the city.

I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer:

“Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronograms, monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements, letters, petitions, memorials, on every occasion. Essays on all subjects. Pamphlets, for or against the ministry. With sermons, upon any text, or for any sect—to be written here on reasonable terms.”—

“By A—B—Philologer.”

“N. B. The greatest honour and secrecy may be depended on.”

The uncommonness of several of the above titles raised the curiosity of the public extremely. So that, besides the applications made to me for the useful species of literature, such as advertisements, petitions and memorials, many more were made for the chronograms, monograms, etc. merely to see the nature of them.

At night—or to express myself more poetically—when the evening had assumed its dusk-gown, I used privately to glide into my office, to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnest, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums.

The writing to be paid for on the delivery; according to the nature, extent, or importance of the subjects. A bit of French, to be an additional sixpence—a scrap of Latin, price a shilling—and a sentence of Greek, which I used to pick up now-and-then, when I happened to drink a dish of tea with Miss Carter, was always charged at half a crown.

All improper applications, immoral subjects, simoniacal proposals, or libertine overtures, were with scorn and detestation rejected. I held no office opposite to St. Peter. The notes of these kinds were thrown into the fire,—but the earnest retained, as the fines of iniquity.

The ocean of vice and folly, that opened itself to my view, during the period I continued in this odd department of life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I had realized Le Fevre's sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed the horrid scene—or, to express myself more properly in this case—flopped up the common sewer.

CHAP. XXIII.

NURSING.

THE reason why our ancestors, in the higher ranks of life, were more remarkable for bravery and chastity than we are, was, because the mothers, in those days, used to nurse their own children. They were therefore alimented with the same juices and humours they brought into the world with them; and bred up, even from their infant notices, entire strangers to vice, meanness, or folly.

If our present race of mammas be indifferent about the blood and humours of the infant, which the suffering it to be nurtured by an alien argues her to be, what needs she trouble herself about the less precious parts of flesh and bones? Then any other person's child might serve her as well as her own—and she may have the advantage, besides, of choice, both with regard to beauty and gender. I think that ladies may as well get others to bear, as to nurse children for them.

Pray, would it not be but common

charity, in all tender husbands, to have such wives, on the first alarm, amazoned of both their breasts, in order to prevent the fatal consequences of cancers, milk fevers, and other disorders, incident, alas! to all unnatural or unnursing mothers?

And if our papas also be equally careless about this matter—as, by their present supineness and acquiescence, with regard to so material a point, they would incline us to suspect—prithce, might not

“Some beggar’s brat, on bulk begot,
Or offspring of a pedlar Soot—
Some boy bred up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell, or the Stews,
Or vagrant race, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges,” *

be as responsible heirs to their names and fortunes, as these sad outcasts of their own loins?

A foal of blood may be suckled into a garran. I have myself tried the instance; and do here recommend it to be added to the course of experimental philosophy.

* Swift’s Rhapsody.

which Bacon, Boyle, and Derham, have so properly hinted to the adepts in science.

For my own part, I have great reason to resent this scandalous neglect in parents —having so severely suffered for it myself —both in character and preferment. For, though I am a most rigid moralist in my principles, and, bating me but about one thousand seven hundred and I forget how many years, a primitive Christian also—completely armed at all the cardinal points —yet I don't know how it is, but I actually do not feel myself always sufficiently possessed of that virtuous uncharitability against women of remiss chastity, that becomes true modern piety to express or exercise.

Now, this natural imbecility, this moral frailty, this same laxity of virtue in me, call it what you will—I confess the weakness, and am not nice, about the phrase— —I do most philosophically impute wholly to the milkiness of my nurse—who happened, unluckily for me, to be servant-maid to the parson of the parish—and her name was Dorothy.

No, no—the influence of certain

names upon the future fortunes of children, that my poor anxious father used to make such a pother about, believe me, is not by half so material a point as the other. Whether I had been aspersed by the name of Trifram, Triglyph, or Tria, were, in all probability, a matter wholly indifferent to my future advancement in life. No—it was, alas! the milk of Dorothy that limited the bounds of my preferment.

You shall hear.

C H A P. XXXIV.

A HITCH IN PREFERMENT.

THE tenderness of my expressions, with regard to all syncopes of this sort—with the humanity, charity, and forgiveness, I have frequently procured to be shewn by others, towards some unfortunates in this class, have induced reflections on my own character, that have been a considerable disadvantage to my canonical progress in life.

A certain bishop, who would allow none but Christ to sit with publicans and sinners, replied to a friend of mine, who was so-

diciting a benifice for me—"I can never think of preferring Triftram—not so much on account of the freedom of his writings, as the latitude of his life." "But Yorick—Yorick, my Lord." "Nay, the utmost that I should think even Yorick entitled to, taking that article into the context with his works, would be, to be appointed chaplain to a regiment of dragoons."

And a certain lady, who is what the French style *un discur de bons mots*, when I was asking her for some subscriptional aid once towards sending an unhappy young woman home to her friends, who had been inveigled from Bath, some years ago, on pretence of marriage, and then cast off upon the public, refused her charity, and called me, in allusion to my spectral figure, and absolving priesthood, the ghastly father of the chapels of ease in the parish of Covent-Garden.

Thus did the excess of my charity lessen that of others.

CHAP. XXXV.

PRUDES.

WHEN I hear women inveigh too vehemently against the objects of this misfortune, I am apt to suspect their hearts to be a good deal inflamed with a certain envious jealousy—According to the poet,

“Prudes rather envy, than abhor the
crime,”

—which, in revenge for those pleasures that they themselves remain perhaps untempted to, provokes them to denounce the penalties of the world, the flesh and the devil, against such interlopers.

“The self-sufficient prudes embattled
flood,
Near-hand ; but none t’ assist the vanquish’d
flies;
Their neighbours’ ranks they saw with joy
subdu’d,
With spiteful mirth triumphant in their
eyes—
With scoffs, and wise reproaches, they
upbraid

Those that, o'erpower'd, for help or pity
call.

And can they yield to——? in rage they
said:

Unaided, helpless, let the wretches fall.
Themselves were now attack'd, the rest
o'erthrown,

And weakness, scorn'd so late, too soon
became their own."

BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

In truth, I have seldom heard a woman
speak with violence upon this subject, who
was either of an established or an unsus-
picious character. Prior describes these kind
of virtuosoes most admirably, in his *Paulo
Purganti*:

"She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted,
And chuckled when a bawd was carted.
But, in an honest way, the dame"—etc.

And Pope;

"A fool to pleasure, but a slave to fame."

And yet stronger still in another place,

"A very heathen in her carnal part,
But still a sad, good Christian, at her heart."

If what I have said, and these poets have sung, be not the natural reason of the fact, prithee, why such partial distinction between the undoer and the undone? Why, ladies, dutchesses, and countesses, is the latter—below a certain rank—branded with infamy; while the former,

“Whose harden’d front, unblushing,
unappall’d,
Laughs at reproaches, and enjoys disgrace,”

is so favourably accepted of in the assemblies of the fair?

If what I have hinted be not the real state of the case, why should these obdurate females, whom Will Honeycomb styles the outrageously virtuous, be more severe against—than against thieves? For surely, in ethics, it must be a less crime to give “what is one’s own,” than to take “what belongs to another.”

A failure in chastity may be a breach of duty toward one’s self; but a want of charity is certainly so against one’s neighbour.

In fine, I fancy that your chaste ladies seem to consider love as their peculiar

merchandise, and look upon courtesans as smugglers, who undersell the fair trader.

C H A P. XXXVI.

THE BREECHES-MAKER.

BESIDES, really — as I hope there are none but philosophers by — there are so many ways for a woman to be undone, without the imputation either of vice or wantonness — such accidents, incidents, contingencies, and synchronisms, may happen in her way through life, that unless every circumstance can be fairly stated, and candidly weighed — which must be the great use of the day of judgment — it is morally impossible for any man, *hors d'elle*, to determine, whether the fair delinquent may have been most deserving of infamy or compassion.

I have known several of these equivocal cases myself; — two of which I think proper to indulge the curiosity of my reader with in this place, by way of specifying my argument merely —

The first instance was a very pretty modest young woman, that was the only daughter to the clerk of the first parish I ever officiated in. She had been most carefully brought up, went constantly to church with her father, morning and evening; sat upon a little stool in the aisle, just under the desk; and having a most tuneable voice, used generally to help him to raise the psalm.

There had never appeared the least turn of lightness, forwardness, or flirtation, in any part of this good-girl's behaviour, as she grew up. There are usually certain patterns pointed out in every country village; and Miss Amen was the paragon of our parish—till about the age of seventeen, she happened suddenly to disappear—because, it seems, she found herself, as we were soon after informed, to be “too big to be seen.”

The place of her concealment was kept a profound secret from us all, for some months, till after the fair eloper had become the sorrowful mother of a child; when I received a private billet from her, intreating me to grant her an interview

the next day, at a little cottage about five miles from the town I lived in; and begging that I would come alone.

My humanity, with a little mixture of femality, namely curiosity, induced me to obey the summons most punctually. I went. She threw herself on her knees before me, covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly—but not alone.

After I had spoken comfort to her soul, by preaching to her the great efficacy of repentance, and calmed her mind, by promising to mediate a reconciliation between her and her unhappy parents, the second part of my errand operated so strongly on me, that I began to question her, in the style of a confessor, about the whole process, the commencement, progress, and arts which had led to, or were laid for, her undoing.

She answered me with a frankness and a candour that fully persuaded me of her truth and ingenuoufness. She declared to me, that her failure had not proceeded in the least either from passion, or from vice;—that she had never in her life been sensible of any warm desire, prompting her from within, nor had even sustained

any strong solicitation, urging her from without.

No, reverend Sir, exclaimed the fair penitent, with an heavy sigh, it was nothing of all this, that I am to be cruelly reproached with upon this sad occasion.—

It was—It was, alas! my father's trade alone that thus hath wrought my overthrow.

Your father's trade!—his trade! I replied, with surprise, the cause of your ruin!—But so indeed the fact was, without peradventure.—

Besides the vocation of parish-clerk, old Amen had, it seems, followed the occupation of breeches-making also. He had bred up his daughter to the mysteries of the same manufacture, from the time that she had begun to enter into her teens;—and, as ill luck would have it, they happened to be leathern breeches too that he dealt in.

The unfortunate girl—now a woman—assured me, that this kind of employment used, by degrees, to occasion certain involuntary wanderings to stray in her mind, which, without ever tainting her chastity in the least, had insensibly, however, sul-

lied the purity of her thoughts;—that she had done every thing in her power to restrain her reflections from running into such reveries; and had sung psalms for whole evenings together, to divert her attention to fitter subjects of contemplation.—In vain, alas! for while she sung, breeches were still the burden of her song.

This unlucky image haunted poor Made-moiselle Culotte continually.—When she lay down to rest, she imagined she saw them taken off, and laid under the pillow;—and when she arose, she fancied still she saw them take up, and put on again before her eyes.

The familiarity of such ideas, though it had not in the least staggered her virtue—and I believe it—yet had pretty nearly produced the same effect, by discomfiting her modesty—so far, as to prevent a proper alarm, resentment, and resistance from taking place, and coming quick enough to her aid, when she was assailed by the young squire of the manor, for whom she had just finished a neat pair of leathern breeches, which he happened to call on her for, one evening about twilight, when

the rest of the family were attending a funeral in the parish.

The poor girl! happy had it been for her, if men had never worn any breeches at all, or that they had even worn them as the Chiriguanes are reported to do theirs—as fops wear their hats—under their arms. We are not yet informed how the women wear their petticoats in that country; but we may suppose, at least, that the *retort courtois* * is properly returned among those people, as well as in all the other nations of the earth. The world, 'tis thought, would soon be at an end, if it was not for such exchange of courtesies,

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE MAN-MIDWIFE.

WITH regard to my second instance, I shall be but short. She was daughter to a man-midwife;—and all that has been urged upon the former case, is equally referable to this one also.

* An expression in *As you like it*.

Her father used to be frequently called up a-nights, with "*a Juno Lucina, fer opem.*" This would disturb her repose. She used often to lie stretching and yawning in her bed, and communing with herself about the matters and things which could occasion all this bustle and stir.

She had a vast turn to philosophy. She would get at her father's books—she would sometimes read more than she understood—but happened often to understand more than she was the better for. It made her wiser, forsooth—but, alack! how dearly have we since paid for the first instance of female wisdom! 'Twas in this very science, they say, that the first curiosity was exercised.—"The knowing ones are sometimes taken in."

Her father told me, one day, soon after her accident, she had declared to him, that, without labouring under the power or influence of any other inordinate passion or propensity in nature, her curiosity was so predominant in her, that she would, at any time of her life, have stood a shot to have been made a free-mason.

O philosophia! dux vitas!—The deuce

it is!—But pray, Sir, is there not such a theorem, in this same philosophy, as that “action and re-action are equal—and in opposite directions too?” And is not the natural philosophy ever still at fifty-cuffs with the moral one?—In such conflicts as these, the fair Obstetrica fell!

But the philosophy, of all others, that finally trip: up poor Miss Midwife’s heels, was the Platonic one! How beautiful a system is there displayed! To have two fond and faithful hearts mutually attracting each other, their systole and diastole the same, tide for tide, and by a sweet compulsion drawing nearer and nearer together, for life is like the asymptotes of an hyperbola, without ever coinciding, or rushing into the point of contact *.

How enviable and truly seraphic a state is this! How like to Heaven itself, where they are said “neither to marry, nor to be given in marriage!” What pity is it that it is not real! and that those who would rest upon this enchanted island, as on *terra firma*, would soon have their feet slip from under them!

* Vide the Conic Sections.

This same contingency—this synchronism—is the devil. Ye breeches-makers, and ye men- or women-midwives also, send out your daughters from underneath your roofs, I say. They are, alas! too dangerous seminaries for young women to be educated in.

But enough on such subjects as these—I cannot bear to dwell upon melancholy stories.—

C H A P. XXXVIII.

ORIGIN of *TRISTRAM SHANDY*.

UPON turning over this manuscript just now, I find that I had mentioned a design of writing my own memoirs once upon a time.

I did really sit down to this work formerly, with the most serious and stupid intention possible. But the *brutum fulmen*, or Will of the wisp of imagination, glared full before me, and led me a scamper, over hedge and ditch, through briars, through quagmires, and quick-sands, for nine entire volumes, before I attempted

to introduce myself into life. In truth, great part of that work was spent before I even pretended to have been born. I knew the world, alas! too well, to be in any manner of hurry to step into it.

The oddness and novelty of the first volumes, caught hold of the capricious taste of the public. I was applauded, abused, censured, and defended, through many a page.—However, as there were more readers than judges, the edition had sufficient vogue for a sale. This encouraged me—I went on still with the same kind of no meaning; singing, at the end of every chapter, this line from Midas, to my alarmed audience,

“Round about the may-pole ^{was} ~~now~~ they
trot:”

with a parody on the text; where, instead of brown ale, you are to read only small beer.

But what entertained me the most, was, to find a number of my most penetrating readers had conceived some deep-laid scheme or design to be couched under these vagrancies or vagaries, which they fancied

and affirmed would unfold itself toward the conclusion of the work.

Nay, some more riddle-witted than the rest, have pretended to be able to trace my clue, through every volume, without losing once sight of the connexion. A fine spirit of enthusiasm this! With what intelligence and profit must such persons read the apocalypse! A millennium must certainly be a very clear case with them.

However, I must have the modesty to admit, that there were, here and there, some striking passages interspersed throughout these volumes. "*In sterquilinis margaritam reperit.*" There are many foibles ridiculed, and much charity and benevolence instilled and recommended. One faunters out, sometimes, into the fields and highways, without any other purpose than to take the benefit of a little air and exercise;—an object of distress occurs, and draws forth our charity and compassion.

After this careless manner did I ramble through my pages, in mere idleness and sport—till some occurrence of humanity laid hold of me by the breast, and pulled me aside. Here lies my only fort. What

we strongest feel, we can best express. And upon such subjects as these, one must be capable of a double energy, who, while he is pleading for others, is also relieving himself.

C H A P. XXXIX.

THE FEMALE CONFUCIUS.

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I happened to be very ill at the time, and sitting by the fire-side one morning in my lodgings, when I received a very polite card, in a female hand, unknown, acquainting me, that having been struck with that rich vein of philanthropy, she was pleased to say, which flowed like milk and honey through all my writings, Mrs. — — would be much obliged, and flattered, if I would afford her an opportu-

nity of a personal acquaintance with the author, by doing her the favour of drinking tea with her that evening.

I was too weak to venture abroad. I wrote her word so—assured her that I longed equally for the pleasure of an acquaintance with any person, whose heart and mind seemed to sympathize with those affections she was so kind to compliment me upon, and entreated the honour of a *sans ceremonie* visit from her, upon this occasion, that very evening.

She condescended to accept my invitation, and came accordingly. She visited me every day, while I continued confined;—which kindness I returned most punctually, as soon as I was able to go abroad.

She was a woman of sense and virtue— —not lively, but possessed of that charming sort of even cheerfulness, which naturally flows from goodness. “*Mens conscia recti.*” She was reserved, and, like a ghost, would rarely speak till spoken to. She had, like a lute, all the passive powers of music in her, but wanted the master’s hand to bring them forth.

She had quitted England very young—before her tender affections had been rendered callous by the collisions of the world. She had been carried into India, where she continued, till those sentiments had been ripened into principle, and were inspired with all the sublime enthusiasm of eastern morality.

She seemed to be unhappy. This added a tenderness to my esteem for her. I guessed, but inquired not her private history, and she communicated nothing. She would repine, but not resent. She had no gall to boil over—her overflowings were of the pancreatic juices only*.

From that time, we held on a constant and refined intercourse, while she remained in the kingdom, and a friendly correspondence succeeded our parting—to meet no more—in this world—I prophecy!—She happened to be another man's wife too.

But the charity that had attracted, with the virtue that united us, were not able to screen us from the censure of base minds.

* The Sweet-bread.

Neither her own fair character, nor the memento of my ghastly appearance, were sufficient bars to slander.

The improbability of a malicious story, serves but to help forward the currency of it—because it increases the scandal. So that, in such instances, the world, like Romish priests, are industrious to propagate a belief in things they have not the least faith themselves in; or, like the pious St. Austin, who said he believed some things, because they were absurd and impossible.

CHAP. XL.

Continuation of Chapter XXXVIII.

THE PRIMER.

I CONTINUED this rodomontade through nine volumes, upon fools-cap paper*;—but had reason to find at last, that the

* That is the name which printers give to a certain sized paper, upon which all the author's works have been published in England.

nine days wonder had sown its gape-seed long before. The novelty grew stale, and the oddness began to lose its singularity. This, I say, I confess to have perceived a considerable time before. But one who has run down a hill for any way, cannot well stop his speed, till he has got to the bottem of it.

I then thought proper to cease tituping my hobby-horse about—to alight and perform my promise to the public, in a more ingenuous and systematical manner. Upon which occasion, I began to frame these notes—but could never since find time to glaze them. So many other themes and schemes shot acrofs my fancy, and puzzled my purpose, that I could not stick to any one subject long enough to make a volume of it—or acquit myself as an author.

One of my most favourite designs was, to compose a little book, to be styled the *Primmer*——for the use and benefit of grown nobility, gentry and others——to instruct them what to say, and how to act, upon all the general occasions of life*.

* Here read the dedication over again.

I know of no work so shamefully wanted at present, as some code of this kind. There is, I confess, a certain connate liberality of nature in some persons I have met with, that inspires them to think, speak, and act; with a spirit and virtue which supersedes, in a great measure, the necessity of education. These instances, though, are rare—may be styled moral comets.

The *many* are born with a sort of original meanness in their minds, which resolves every action, every idea into *self*—and which the longest line in heraldry, with the possession of the largest fortune, are not sufficient to countervail, without the assistance of an academical tuition.

But the generality of the *curled darlings* of our nation, *tandem custode remoto*, shake off a load from their shoulders when they are emancipated from college: for such is their sense, or nonsense, of this matter.—They are then apt to class Tully's Offices, with Burgerdicius, among the pedantry of the schools, and become soon possessed of just Christianity enough to set them above all Pagan moral—or the shin-

ing sins of the heathen world, as our orthodoxy affects to style them. They then begin to look upon their own feelings to be the sure way of judging, and the usages of the world their only rule of acting.

From hence many liberal notions are suffered to obtain, and many ignoble deeds are practised.—From hence arise, among the great, New-market jockies, Change-alley brokers, and corporation casuists. From hence the dignitaries of the law degenerate into attornies, and priests in lawn dwindle into tythe-proctors.

The scope then of my ritual, was to set forth the *verum, atque decens*, of morals, the truth and beauty of human actions—which it is incumbent, at least on persons of a certain rank in life, either to practise or pretend. They would then be taught to perceive, that neither their own feelings, nor the usages of the world, were of authority sufficient to support vice, meannesses, or indecorum. This would be putting them to school again.—Those who want hearts, should be taught to get by heart.

Princes and nobles, so titled, however they might be tempted to wallow in their own fies, would not then, perhaps, dare to emblazon their strumpets to the public view. *Turf-ministers* also might then be informed, that they had mistaken the metaphor, when they let go the helm to take up the reins.

The Marchioness of Tavistock had not then lived the reproof and died the reproach, of so many matrons on the first benches at court. Thou hadst, most spotless Ephesian relict, devoted thyself to the grave with thy dead lord! They would sacrifice their living ones. "*Et faciles nymphae risere.*" And such is the accommodating spirit of our modern laws, that divorces, now-a-days, like the section of the polypus, are suffered to generate new numbers from each part of the separation.

I am not such a visionary as to expect that any thing of this kind would render persons virtuous, in spite of "the whole course of modern education." "*Et quae fuerunt vitia, mores sunt.*" But I think that it might possibly shame your "grown nobility, gentry, and others," into the

disguising, or concealing their vices at least;—which is, perhaps, no inconsiderable point gained in morals.

Est quadam prodire tenns—si non datur ultra.

The appearing or pretending to have more virtue than one has, is hypocrisy;—but the not exposing all the vices we are really guilty of, is certainly some merit—to the public at least.

So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

A rich lawyer might, perhaps, notwithstanding, be tempted to purchase an estate for half its value, because the person who sold it, did so in haste, to extricate himself from a goal:—But after he had perused my little book, he would never have boasted of the action—My ears would not then be so much shocked and offended as they are too frequently now every day.

A profligate might still delude a simple maiden, or purchase the innocency of beauty from a needy parent; but he would

not make a confidant of such amours. He would not cast the victim off to want, as well as infamy; nor dare to proclaim his villany to the world. My enmity, my abhorrence, my resentment, with all the tribe of the uncomfortable, the uncharitable, and unhealthy passions, would not then harass my poor shattered frame.

C H A P. XLI.

THE NATURAL EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER vision of mine, was, to open an exhibition for fine children, male and female, remarkable for their beauty, symmetry, or athletic frame. In order to which, I had prepared a new and copious edition of the *Callipædia*—or, Art of Getting pretty Children; illustrated with notes of my own, and enlarged with several philosophic hints, which had occurred to my mind whilst this pleasant fancy was running in my head.

There have been many schools opened, for the exhibition of all the arts and sciences; but none, O shame! for Nature,

and her originals. He who copies the human face-divine, receives a premium, and applause—while he that presents you with the master-piece, or prototype, of the mimic work, has but his labour for his pains—or, at best, is referred, like virtue, to its own reward.

This might encourage the good old moral and political work of propagation. It would be reviving something similar to the useful Roman law, the *jus trium liberorum*—and be a restraint on promiscuous intercourses, which terminate in barrenness. Profligacy is a monster, and never generates.

I can conceive no other reason for such a scheme as this not having yet become an object of the royal foundation, except that his present Majesty might not have so justly thought that his own family would be best entitled to the greatest emoluments of it, both from excellence and number.

I have amused myself sometimes in one of my philosophic moods, with supposing an handsome, well-made young couple, setting out on such a project as this. I will not indulge the freedom of imagination on

this subject—though well assured I am, that the author of beauty, harmony, and order, cannot be displeased with a disquisition into it.

Can the origin of nature be jealous at our investigation of the very inmost recesses of its secrets? Philosophy would become impiety at such a thought.

Many other projects of these kinds, sufficient *loquacem delassare Fabium* to relate, and which would require the age of a patriarch to execute—besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking—have presented themselves to my active imagination, even in the midst of pain, sorrow, and sickness; but I never was able to carry them farther than minutes.

For my mind has ever represented the jargon of the schools, with regard to matter, which is defined to possess a *conatus ad motum*, with a *vis inertiae*, or perfect acquiescence *ad requiem*, at the same time. You may see what a fine thing this same learning is.

CHAP. XLII.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I FIND myself labouring, this instant, under an irresistible impulse to mention one particular design of mine—because 'tis of a singular nature—which was, to write an historical and philosophical account and description of all the several great epochas of the world, from the creation to the conflagration—from the beginning of time, when God said, “Let there be light, and there was light;” till the end of it, when he shall say, “Let there be fire, and there shall be fire.”

As there is but one notable event to be expected, between the present æra and the final consummation of all things—namely, “the gathering in of all nations, so as that all may become one faith”—when Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Heretics—Papists, Presbyterians, Janfenists, Methodists, Moravians, Quietists, Arians, Hugonots, Socinians, Anabaptists, Mugletonians, Swadlers, and Quakers—are

there any more of them?—shall all become good protestants of the church of England, as by law established.

This might, I say, at first appear a difficulty upon me. But on considering the train that has been already laid, both in church and state, to bring that matter to pass, I fancy that the intelligent reader will be of opinion with me, that it requires but a competent knowledge in politics and theology, to be able to predict the time *when*, and the manner *how*, this great crisis must be brought to pass.

I gave my sentiments on this subject, some years ago, in a private letter to Frederic the Third, his present majesty of Prussia. Pray, now I think of it, do you know what became of that paper? It was put into the hands of the Prussian minister here, to be presented to his master, and we have heard no more of the matter since.

But to conclude—

As the first thing in intention is generally the last in execution, I have proceeded in this work accordingly, by writing backwards, or Hebrew-wise, and shall here present you with the last chapter first.

*THE FINAL CHAPTER OF
THE EPOCHAS.*

ARGUMENT.

THE LAST DAY.

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

MILT.

NOX, Erebus, and Chaos, now renewed their reign. All nature was convulsed.—The panther, lion, and the leopard, fled affrighted from their dens, and, tamed by terror, grew the friends of man. The world became an ark, and adverse beasts forgot their wonted strife, and sought alliance in each other's fierceness. The howling wolf now bleated like the lamb. The hawk, the vulture and the eagle, became pigeon-livered, and lacked gall. The birds of rapine forsook their prey, and trembled for themselves. The shark, the dolphin, and leviathan, merged from the boiling deep, and sought the fervid shore. The elements themselves were changed in na-

The Koran, Vol. I.

L

ture's wreck. The rivers were dried up, and liquid ore supplied their burning channels. The clouds were turned to fire, and shot their meteors through the astonished sky. The air was flame, and breathing was no more. The firmament was melted down, and rained its sulphur o'er the prostrate globe. The earth's foundations to the centre shook. Even charity was dumb,—and virtue's self stood scarcely unappalled!

FINIS

MUNDI.

CHAP. XLIII.

MYSELF.

AND here, perhaps, since I have got into a train of describing myself, it may amuse you—or myself—which makes very little difference, in the mood I am in at present—to give you the character and peculiarities of *Tria juncta in uno*:—to which purpose I shall appropriate the whole of this chapter.

The first and principal characteristic of

my indoles—not indolence—for it is as active as passionate, is philanthropy. This is the *sine qua non* of my composition. This is my divinity, in which I live, and move, and have my being.

The *momentum* of my affections towards mankind, is in a reciprocal *ratio* between heaven and earth. I place myself as a medium—and love others with that warmth and indulgence I would have my Creator manifest towards myself—forgiving their errors, palliating their infirmities, and willing both their temporal and eternal felicity. Amen.

This turn of mind is the first thing that awakens with me, and the last I part with when I take leave of my senses. I have frequently supposed myself a sovereign prince, and spent many an entire day in settling my household, with all the other offices and departments of my kingdom.

Nay, I do actually aver, that I sat down gravely one morning to a sheet of paper, and entered the names of all my friends and acquaintance for employs; classing them according to their respective merits.

and capacities; preferring still, as becomes a king to do, superiour talents and virtue, to my fondest connexions.

Pray, was not this a scene for Moorfields? And would not such a manuscript as this, found in my possession, appear to have been copied from charcoal on the walls of a cell? I do confess, that I did once seriously think myself mad, for a considerable portion of my life, on account of such reveries and extravagancies as these—till I happily found out, that my suspicion arose chiefly from my having kept company, during that sad interval, with a parcel of LUKK-warm fools.

At other times, I have absolutely refused being a king. I burned my list, and cried out, *Nolo coronari*. This station did not sufficiently satisfy my thirst of power and dominion. It extended only to the temporal welfare of mankind, and was restricted to that scanty portion of them which was comprehended within the narrow limits of my own empire—and could bear an insurance only during my own life.

I prefer Socrates to Solon, and would rather preside in the moral than the po-

litical government of mankind. This is the only true ambition, to assume to one's self that department in life which extends equally to all nations, to all ages, and reaches even to eternity itself.

I am, perhaps, one of the greatest philosophers you know in the world. Men of sense admire, and fools envy this supposed superiority of talent in me. They think it must have been achieved by dint of study, labour, and resolution, with the natural advantages of a gifted capacity, and great strength of mind.

I would not have them think so:—in the first place, because it is not true;—and in the next, such a notion as this might deter others from ever attempting to arrive at such an happy, but easy excellence of character. Let me undeceive them.

I was as other men are, till about the age of two-and-twenty. I resented pain, sickness, disappointment, and distress, as naturally as I did heat and cold, hunger and thirst. I had ever a turn for reflection. I lay tumbling and tossing one morning in bed, my mind labouring just then

under the pressure of some one or more of the above catalogue of ills, and contemplating the infinite superiority of the ancient philosophy, upon all such trials as these.

I envied, I admired this happy possession of one's own mind. I took heart of grace, on the instant, and flapping my fingers, cried out, "I will myself be a philosopher." I immediately arose—resolving not to fall asleep again and forget it. I put on the breeches of a philosopher—possibly, at that time, of an heathen one—and so commenced philosopher for life:—and I also am a painter.

This, be assured of it, gentlemen, was the only lesson or degree I ever took in truly noble science of defence—and found it to be all-sufficient.

The difficulties we apprehend, more than those we find, in an attempt of this kind, as well as in the strife with all our passions, is the only thing that prevents philosophy and virtue from being commonly attainable in general life.

What makes the difference between a chaste woman, and a frail one? The one

had struggled, and the other not. Between a brave man, and a coward? The one had struggled, and the other not. An honest man, and a knave? One had struggled, the other not.

I am generally cheerful— —but more remarkably lively under pain, sickness, or misfortunes—provided the misfortune be all my own—than at any other time of my life. Visiting the sick ceases to be a scripture duty, when referred to me. Folks crowd to my couch, not to bemoan, but be merry at, my sufferings—to hear me confess wit on the rack, and refine my ore in the crucible.

A friend of mine, thinking me expiring once under the severe disorder of a bilious cholic— — and I should certainly have popped at that very instant, if I had not, most luckily, been given over by the physicians and consequently no longer plied with medicine. My friend, I say, expressed himself extremely shocked at the indecent merriment, as he styled it, with which I was going out of the world. The reply I made him, was pretty nearly in these words:

“Your lazy or indolent Christian is too

apt to cherish in his mind a dangerous opinion of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance—I was never mad enough to trust to it. When Socrates was asked, just before his trial, why he did not prepare himself for his defence, he nobly answered, *I have been doing nothing else all my life.*"

"He who defers the great work of salvation till his last moments, hath loitered away his time, till the night cometh, in which no man can work.—A death-bed attrition*—and what is it more, when it comes to that? may be compared to Vainini's last exclamation—*who*, though an atheist all his life, called upon God in the flames."

"Shall an apoplexy deprive us of salvation? If not, then what but fear need render us so dismal on our exit? Life is itself a jest — — Then surely death must be the very cream of it. The longest life is as short as an epigram, and our end is but the point of it."

My sober friend walked away into a corner of the bed-chamber, and ejaculated.

* Repentance through fear of punishment, not sorrow for sin; which latter is called *contrition*.

C H A P. XLIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

WHAT a chapter was the last! There will be no end of it, if I once get into an habit of writing such long ones. But whenever self happens to become the subject, one seldom knows when to have done. This is the only theme upon which I was ever tempted to expatiate—which, in other words, is to be tedious.

For, in general, my writings do not smell much of the lamp. They seem most of them rather to have been written when I had natural light enough—even at the very full of the moon. Can the Critical Reviewers themselves say any thing worse of them?

C H A P. XLV.

A SHORTER.

BUT even these short chapters appear too prolix to me—I hope not to you—though they contain each of them

only one head a-piece. So that I am resolved here to put an end to them all, and write nothing but sentences, throughout the second volume.

I am not so vain as to think that my proverbs will be as good as Solomon's—or Sanchô's either—but this I will venture to say, that they shall beat them all to nothing in number.

END OF PART I.

WHICH CONCLUDES VOL. FIRST.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE PRINTER.

PLEASE, Sir, to send your *devil*, with my compliments to Messieurs the Ministry, assuring them, that it was not, by any means, in derogation to the *golden age* of the present administration, but merely from the casualty of my subject matter, that the chapters of this book happen so exactly to complete the number *Forty-five*.

THE EDITOR.

THE
K O R A N:
O R,
ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS, CHA-
RACTERS, AND CĀLLIMACHIES,
O F
TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,
M. N. A.
OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.
V O L. II.

Nescio quid meditans.

HORAT.



THE
A U T H O R
TO THE
R E A D E R.

WHETHER any of the following thoughts or remarks have been conceived by others, before me, or no, I cannot pretend to say; for, as they spontaneously occurred to my mind, I minuted them down, without ever taking the trouble of inquiring into their origin or derivation.

And in truth, a labour of this kind would have been infinite and uncertain—for it is almost impossible, after all, for any person who reads much, and reflects a good deal, to be able, upon every occasion, to determine whether a thought was

another's, or his own. Nay, I declare, that I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings, in aid of my own arguments in conversation; thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.

For my own part, I do affirm, that it would afford me a most flattering pleasure to find them all imputed—For, as I can truly acquit my conscience of the least manner of plagiarism, this very coincidence of sentiment and opinions, would serve to prove the justness of them, pretty nearly— —as two clocks which chime together, very probably mark the right hour of the day—for the degrees of error are so numerous and various, while the point of truth is but *simplex duntaxat, et unum*, that the odds must be manifold, that no two irregular agents shall exactly hit upon the same false measure.

But that nothing is new under the sun,

was declared by Solomon some years ago: and it is impossible to provide against evils that have already come to pass. So that I am sure I have reason to cry out, with Donatus, apud Jerom—

Pereant, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt.

For I have ever wrote without study, books, or example, and yet have been charged with having borrowed this hint from Rabelais, that from Montaigne, another from Martinus Scriblerus, etc. without having ever read the first, or remembered a word of the latter.

So that, all we can possibly say of the most original authors, now-a-days, is not, that they say any thing new, but only, that they are capable of saying such and such things themselves, “if they had never been said before them.”

But as monarchs have a right to call in the specie of a state, and raise its value:

by their own impression ; so are there certain prerogative geniuses, who are above plagiaries—who cannot be said to steal, but, from their improvement of a thought, rather to borrow it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with interest again ; and may more properly be said to adopt, than to kidnap, a sentiment, by leaving it heir to their own fame.

I do not pretend to class myself among such privileged wits—I never borrow, lest I should not be able to pay—but have only made the above remark, to shew the candour of my own criticism upon all such occurrences as these.

It may, perhaps, be requisite here to explain a new term I have made use of in the title-page of this part of my work. The word Callimachies I have framed from Callimachus, the name of a Greek poet, of whom it is said, that he had written above eight hundred elegant poems, which

were all comprehended in about five hundred pages.

I was pleased with this character of his works.—I hate your *scriptus et in tergo* authors—and have therefore taken the liberty of denominating all concise or sententious writings Callimachies, after his name. I thought it advisable to give this definition of the word, lest the Critical Reviewers should derive it from the French phrase Gallimatias.—

I like this manner of writing extremely.—It is really being too hard upon the public, “to turn over a new leaf with them,” upon an old score, continually.—And whenever my bookseller, who buys by the bulk—and such works deserve to remain on it—obliges me to augment my pages, I generally contrive to give the reader some new subject—or none at all—which does as well, as it serves equally for amusement to find one out.

138 THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

But, indeed, if the editor of these *loose sheets*—I don't mean immodest ones—would take my advice, for his own profit, he would by no means publish them at all—but sell them privately, to some of the wit-less authors of the present age, who have attained to a certain knack of writing, both in prose and verse, without matter, fancy, or invention—

*Without one thought to interrupt the
song.*

This collection, then, might, perhaps, serve to embellish their works, and help them off the bulk a little.

Farewell, neighbour.—

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

CALLIMACHIES, etc.

1. **A** PERSON may not merit favour, as that is only the claim of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.

2. In Sophocles, Jocasta prays to the Lycian Apollo, and says, "That she came to his temple, because it was the nearest." This was but a sorry compliment to his godship.—It is the same, however, that people generally pay to religion; who abide by the doctrines and faith they have been bred up in, merely to save themselves the trouble of seeking farther.

3. *Inveni portum—Spes et fortuna valete—*

Sat me lussis—Ludite nunc alios.

There is a bad moral expressed here, in the word *Ludite*.—I would have said

rather *parcite*.—The writer did not deserve *invenire portum*.

4. There is a great stiffness in the style and manner of Pliny's *Epistles*. This was his character throughout; for he professes himself an admirer of evergreens, clipt into the shapes of men and other animals. I think, that Orrery was a fitter translator for him than Melmoth, for that reason.

5. Political and natural connexions are different ideas. I look upon all ties of affinity, or consanguinity merely, to be of the first kind. Love and friendship form the only natural alliances.

6. There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the translations of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all personal reflections.

7. I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

8. The confinement of the unity of time,

in the drama, forces the poet often to violate nature, in compliment merely to the appearance of truth. For he must be obliged to compress actions within the compass of three hours, which, in the ordinary course of things, would require the leisure of as many days, perhaps years, to bring to pass.

A play is but an acted novel, of about three hours reading, and should not be restrained within the limits of any given time, in the story, though the representation ought not to exceed the usual one.

9. Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to have been there.

I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary. But, after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.

Think frequently on this reflection, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

10. There is such a torture, happily un-

known to ancient tyranny, as talking a man to death, Marcus Aurelius advises to assent readily to great talkers—in hopes, I suppose, to put an end to the argument.

An epitaph on the unlamented death of a talkative old maid. By myself.

Here lieth the body of M. B. Spinster, aged forty-three, who on the 10th day of August 1764, became silent.

11. A tragic writer can call spirits from the vasty deep, and reanimate the dead.

12. Mr. Guthrie, in his Essay on Tragedy, distinguishes between a poet and a genius. He must have meant only rhymers, versifiers, or poetasters; for I will not admit a person to be a poet without a genius.

13. One does not require nor think of a fire, often, in spring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to pass near one, the sensation it communicates is so pleasant, that we feel ourselves rather inclined to indulge it.

This is analogous to temptation—and the moral is, “keep away from the fire.”

—Who venture in.

Have half acquiesced in the sin.

This is the sentiment of some poet; but I can not make out the distich. Nor is it at all material; for that sentence must be poor, indeed, that owes its merit to its metre.—Weight, not measure, is the proper standard of true sterling.

14. Custom is too apt to obtain a sanction, by becoming a second nature. This should be admitted only in indifferent matters; for, in others, use only renders abuse familiar, and makes custom the more reprehensible.

15. Persons of sense foresee a crisis, and temporize with occasion. Short-sighted people never comply, till occasion becomes necessity—and then it is often too late.

16. Some folk think it sufficient to be good Christians without being good men—to spend their lives in whoring, drinking, cheating—and praying.

17. Some people pass through life soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it—but, from force of habit merely, go to heaven like fools.

18. Mechanical Christians make an office of their pews, for the dispatch of business.

19. Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undress.—

There is a great deal of species of wit, in many admired writings, where the simile falls short of the comparison.

20. Religion was too abstracted before the coming of our Saviour. But the clothing the Divinity with matter, hath presented us with a sensible object of our adoration—which was absolutely necessary to attract the devotion of the many.—For a philosophic religion is a religion—for a philosopher only.

21. Marcus Aurelius says, that he had learned from Apollinus, “not to be impatient when his arguments happen not to be apprehended.”—

I think there is a reason, besides the philosophic one, for this—A person ought rather to triumph upon the advantages of superiour knowledge or understanding; which should incline him more to pity than resentment.

22. People who are always taking care

of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

23. When I see good men dying often, while worthless fellows are suffered to live, I feel the force of that passage in the Psalms most emphatically—"The Lord wishes not the death of a sinner."

24. The nibbling of critics, like the mites in cheese, depreciate a work to some, but enrich it to others. Quere?

25. Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest. The reply of Callisthenes to Alexander, may be here applied—Was it Callisthenes, or—? Not material—though some literary blockheads would, perhaps, make a bustle about it.

26. It is an impious prostitution of the sacrament, to administer it to the adulterer, the oppressor, or as a test, merely by way of qualification for some temporal office. Those only should be admitted to the communion, who qualify themselves for the next world—not those who receive it solely for this.

27. Titles of honour are like the impressions on coins—which add no value

to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

28. There is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it, was, "A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion."—I forget where.

29. I have known many men who have worn out what little sense had been born with them, long before their deaths—but yet, having been trained up in office business, or some mechanical trade—as the army, or the church—continued to pass through them still, like children in a go-cart, without either suspecting themselves, or being detected by others.

If you slice off the head of a turkey-cock after it has been once set a running, it will continue to keep striding on, in the same stalking gait, for several yards, before it drops.

I have known several people pass through life, plausibly enough, with as little brains as an headless turkey-cock.

30. It was an apt saying of Epicurus, "*Stultus semper incipit vivere.*"

31. Swift's love-song, in the modern taste, beginning,

"Fluttering, spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions—
Nature must give way to art,"

was not a whit too *outré*, upon the prettily worded nonsense of our lyrics and funneteers.

I happened to be looking over my daughter's music-book this morning, and met with several celebrated songs, performed with vast applause at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, which have been penned since that cautionary ode had appeared in the world—where the authors not having the fear of Swift before their eyes—and in utter contempt of our sovereign lord the poet-laureat—such horrid murders as these have been wilfully perpetrated, *viz.*

One lover begins, in open defiance of the laws, thus—

"Have you *not* seen the sun,
When sunk beneath the hills?
Then have you seen my Molly fair," &c.

which, being interpreted, is exactly this — —“ Provided that you have never happened to *see the sun*, when it had *become invisible*, then I will admit that you might have seen my *Molly fair*, who beats the sun—out of *fight*.”

Another poet bewitched, too sublime for groveling nonsense, elevates his passion at once into a crime.—For, concluding a verse with this position, that

“Friendship with woman is *sister* to love.”

he commits a *poetical incest* at once—*flapdash*.

* But the genius that pleased and puzzled me the most, was the author of the following stanza:

“Come, take your *glafs*,
The northern lass
So *prettily* advised—
I took *my glafs*,
And really was
Agreeably *surprised*.”

Upon which arise two questions, equally interesting, to be resolved here——name-

ly. What was the glass? and what the surprise?

The latter, indeed, he lets us into the secret of, in the next verse— —which happens to be the lass's beauty—and we are to suppose this to have been the very first time he had ever seen it— —by his being so much surprised at the sight.—But then, why, not surprised before he had taken his glass, as well as after?— —Which leads us to the solution of the first question, What manner of glass this was?

Here the commentators differ extremely—one sect affirming it to have been a magnifying glass—which had surprisingly increased the dimensions of those charms, which had appeared nothing remarkable to the naked eye before.

Another opinion, and to which, I confess, I more incline, as being the most orthodox, is, that it must have been a drinking glass.— —That the northern lass, being somewhat chilly, had challenged our poet to take a *bout* with her,—and had bumpered him into a sort of Scotch—or second fight—or, in other words, had plied him up to that pitch of potation,

when men are said to see double—by which means it became a multiplying glass—which must have increased the number of her charms to so agreeably surprising a degree, as the lover appears to have been so enraptured at.

And what serves, in my opinion, to render this the more natural interpretation of the difficulty, is, that philosophy has observed, in proportion as men grow warm with wine, their penchant towards the act of multiplication grows stronger and stronger.

32. Zed led a sort of zig-zag life, gaining his points by indirect courses, as a ship makes her voyage, by tacks, in an adverse wind.

33. *Varium et mutabile semper foemina.*

VIRG.

These epithets are said to be synonymous.—I think not.—The first expression alludes to the temper, and the second regards the affections.

34. A reflection on the shortness and vanity of human life:

I never see a man cock his hat, but I

think of my poor father, who has been long dead; and am apt to cry out, as becomes a philosopher—“What signifies cocking one’s hat?”

35. I never knew but one person who interfered between man and wife, either with safety or success. Upon a domestic *pro* and *con* once between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the husband a stroke with his right hand, crying, “Be quiet, you brute;” and struck the woman at the same time with his left, saying, “Hold your tongue, you vixen.” Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets, with a “Peace, you monster—Have done, you termagant—Hands off, you coward—Retire, you virago”—a fit of shame and laughing seized them both at the same time, at such extraordinary and impartial an umpirism: they shook hands immediately, and became good friends for the rest of their lives.

36. Poets should turn philosophers in age, as Pope did. We are apt to grow chilly, when we sit out our fire.

37. A certain person expressed himself

once very happily (in making an apology for his epicurism), by saying, that "he had unfortunately contracted an ill habit of living well."

38. The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtues, in the lottery of life.

39. "*Tot homines, tot sententiae.*"—It cannot then be deemed partiality or prejudice, to prefer one's own opinion to that of others.—If you can please but one person in the world, why should you not give the preference to yourself?

So much for the sport of fancy. But I should rather give the preference to another. It is impossible for faith to conceive, without having felt it, the superiour pleasure of loving another person better than one's self.

40. Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples*.

41. Writings of wit or genius, in the present times, is but lighting a candle to the blind.—It supplies them only with a glare, but affords them no view.

42. The definition of the Godhead is,

“That his intelligence requires no reasoning—Neither propositions, premises, nor deductions, are necessary to him. He is purely intuitive. Sees equally what every thing is possible to be.—All truths are but one idea only. All space but a single point, and eternity itself but an instant.”

This is a truly philosophic idea of the Godhead, and is suited to it alone, in one very peculiar sense—that any being less than infinite, would be rendered miserable by such endowments. Reasoning, investigation, progressive knowledge, hopes, completions, variety, society, etc. would be at an end.

The sole pleasures of such a being, if not God, must be those of a brute—reduced to sensuality alone. This must have been the state of your demigods, if ever there had been any such—your bull and swan Jupiters—your swine-wallowing Bacchuses—your B-l-t-m-e Plutoes—etc.

43. A clever fellow.—The word clever is an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient.—There is no expression in any of them, which conveys the comprehensive idea of this epithet.

May we not from hence suppose, that the character here intended, as well as the expression, is peculiar to these kingdoms?—And, indeed, it is in a land of liberty only that a man can be completely clever.

44. How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty, and love stained with lust!

45. A tree is to be judged by its fruit, not its blossoms—Quere—

46. There was a book lately published, styled, “Of the future lives of brutes,” which gave great offence to your divines. I cannot see why. The only fault I found with it was, that it was but poorly written.

Is there only such a proportion of salvation in the gift of Providence, that parsons need be jealous of the participation? To suppose the inferiour animals of the creation to be endowed with souls, must presuppose our own to be out of all dispute.

There is certainly a remarkable difference in the morals of all the domestic animals, even of the same species. The beasts

of the desert we will suppose to be uniformly vicious. We will suppose also, that these are to be the devils of brutes in the four-footed Tartarus.

47. *O navis! referent te, etc.*

The comparing a commonwealth to a ship, is one of the justest allusions in politics that can be imagined.—But this simile is more peculiarly adapted to Great Britain, than to any other state in the world; as it has a double right to it, both as an island, and the first maritime power, both in naval strength and commerce.

Whenever, therefore, I hear of our entering into a Continental war, I think I see the brave tars dragging their ships through the streets of London, and begging their bread, like the Thames boatmen in the time of a frost; or drawn up from the sea-coasts, through Flanders, to be used as scaling-ladders, or battering rams, against the walls of Fontenoy, Ghent, or Bruges.

48. I had a patron once, who used to publish his kind intentions towards me to the world, and so paid himself beforehand, without waiting for a reversion from gratitude.

A generous mind may be compared to the Latin dative, which has no preceding article, and does not declare its case, till it comes to the termination.

Is there not such a proverb a "working for a dead horse?" This was the case. As he had already paid himself, the work went slowly on—and is not finished yet.

49. I have such aversion to ill temper, that I could sooner forgive my wife adultery, than crossness. I cannot taste Cassio's kisses on her lips; but I can see a lour on her brow.

50. I have so great a contempt and detestation for meanness, that I could sooner make a friend of one who had committed murder, than of a person who could be capable, in any instance, of the former vice.

Under meanness, I comprehend dishonesty—under dishonesty, ingratitude—under ingratitude, irreligion—and under this latter, every species of vice and immorality in human nature.

51. There are many ways of inducing sleep—The thinking of purling rills, or waving woods—Reckoning of numbers—Droppings from a wet sponge, fixed over

a brass pan, etc.—But temperance and exercise answer much better than any of these succedaneums.

52. Live to learn, and learn to live—Quaint.

53. I have an higher opinion of the sense and virtue of women—and ever had—than men, or even women themselves, generally have.

54. Death is only terrible to us, as a change of state.—Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence and religion, which are to be the exercises of the next life—unless we are to be as idle and worthless there, as the gods of Lueretius.

55. I would rather go barefoot, than do a dishonest thing.—Better to have one's feet dirty, than their hands.—Whose style is this?

56. Some peers of my acquaintance put me in mind of a person I once knew, whose name, names, or *nomen multitudinis*, was, Caesar Augustus, Gustavus Adolphus, Mark Anthony, Timothy Keeling—dancing-master.

57. It shocks me to think how much mischief almost every man may do, who will but resolve to do all he can.

58. To frame a *corps de reserve* of the ugliest and most mishapen men, and a body of Amazons too, of the same stamp, trained to war, to be sent upon the service of the forlorn hops, would, methinks, be a vast improvement in tactics.

Persons under such descriptions must be more prodigal of life than others—and would, besides, be a less loss to the community. The *Feri faciem* won Pharsalia, because poor Pompey's troops happened, unfortunately, to have been handsome fellows.—But if his legions had been formed, or deformed, out of the above corps, Cæsar might, perhaps, have had reason to be sorry that he had ever passed the Rubicon.

There is also something terrifying in the ugliness of an enemy. One is apt to expect less humanity, mercy, or quarter, from such physiognomies; "*Novitate aspectus, milites perculsi,*" says Tacitus. Kill, or be killed, seems, in this case, the only word of action.

From hence such persons are styled frightful—that is, apt to create fears in others. The King of Prussia seemed to have conceived such a philosophic notion as this, when he framed the regiment of death in the last war.

59. Our doctors say, that the dead shall rise again with bodies. This notion appears to be an article of faith, agreeable rather to the doctrine of a Mahometan priest, than a Christian divine.

It would be unphilosophic to suppose, that flesh and blood shall lose their properties after resurrection—nor, indeed, to do them justice, is it pretended.—And if so, I'll answer for it, that the Turkish scheme of paradise will be the practice, though all the metaphysics of a Christian should be the faith.

60. Physicians ought never to drink.—Whenever any distemper affects themselves, they always call in foreign aid—thinking, very justly, that the slightest disorder might impair the judgment. And yet, methinks, a man may be able to preserve his senses much better, in the first stages of a fever, than after a bottle of wine.

61. The preachers abroad, use so much gesture and action in their delivery, that the congregation becomes an audience, the moment the text is given out—for they imagine themselves to be present at Aeschylus's theatre, where the speeches were all spoken, with correspondent gesticulation, from a pulpit.

62. We may imitate the deity in all his attributes; but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal him. We cannot, indeed, give like God—but surely we may forgive like him.—This is the style in which South and Taylor quibble your souls to heaven.

63. The different judgments we are apt to frame upon the deaf and blind, with regard to their respective misfortunes, is owing to our seeing the blind generally in his best situation, and the deaf in his worst—namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

64. An epicure desires but one dish; a glutton would have two.

65. An atheist is more reclaimable than a papist—as ignorance is sooner cured than superstition.

66. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him, that a drunken man has when he is sober.

67. The chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

68. Shakespear may be styled the oracle of nature. He speaks science without learning, and writes the language of the present times.

69. It is a great error in the political constitution of England, that the peerage is not limited.—The body itself would derive greater honour, respect and consequence, from such a restriction. At present, lords are as plenty in these kingdoms, as German counts and French marquisses abroad; or as the Polish nobility, who are reported to be two hundred thousand *strong*——read *throng*——and as little distinguished from the commonalty.

But this is not the particular that I most resent.—I speak not as a lord, but as a commonwealth-man.—The increase of the peerage must soon destroy the great bulwark of the state, by over-balancing the weight of the commons. Men of the

largest fortunes obtain titles, and leave none but middling ones in the lower house. This reduces their importance and dignity. And those who succeed these peers in parliament, are generally their brothers, their sons, or other dependents—This increases the influence and sway of the upper house.—So that the rule of *omne majus*, may, possibly, soon be as true in politics, as it is in philosophy.

The constituents are a restraint on their representatives, once, at least, in seven years.—Too seldom! and if the crown should refuse its assent to wholesome laws, the commons can, in turn, withhold its revenues.

But the lords are independent of control.—They may prevent the passing of any bill they please, and the community has no manner of redress against them. The king cannot unlord, nor the people unchose them.

In ancient states, persons were honoured with a crown, for saving a nation. Coronets were not then conferred for destroying one. Nor are they now. I allude only to the twelve peers.

70. A certain person had once done me a signal piece of service, but had afterwards behaved himself very unworthily towards me. An occasion soon occurred, which put it into my power to requite his ill offices; and I was urged to take advantage of it by a friend of mine—or rather, an enemy of his.

I objected, That this man had formerly obliged and served me. True, he replied; but surely his ill-behaviour since that time, has sufficiently cancelled both the service and the obligation.

By no means. Merchants accompts are never to be admitted into the higher and more liberal commerce of friendship. A person who has once obliged, has put it out of his power ever after to disoblige us. The scripture has inculcated a precept, to forgive our enemies. How much stronger, then, must the text imply the forgiveness of our friends?

The disobligation, therefore, being thus cancelled by religion, leaves the obligation without abatement, in moral. A kindness can never be cancelled—not even by repaying it.

71. The advantages of academical learning, as far as it relates to the study of languages, is only this— —that the time and labour required to understand an author in the original, fixes the matter and reasoning stronger in our minds, than a cursory reading in their own language can be supposed to do. By which means, knowledge may be said to be inculcated into us. Conversation, too, has the same effect. We remember the person, his figure, his very dress, the circumstances of time, place, etc. which all concur to fix the ideas in our minds. This would be a shorter and a pleasanter method of instruction; and why not practise it?

If the chief, which ought, in this case, to be the sole end of learning, be to teach us knowledge, science, and virtue, how are the dead languages necessary to that acquirement? *Ars longa, vita brevis*, is an old complaint. But the general method of education, which the superstition of our European universities keeps us still incumbered with, increases this evil, even beyond the natural state of it, by, in effect, lengthening art, and shortening life.

72. What persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them, at such times, off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtues may be obscured by passion— — but intervals best discover the man.

One must live intimately with people, to know them— —and it is not much for the honour of human nature, to say, that friendship subsists longer than love— — because the intercourse is not so frequent.

73. That virtue is its own reward, may be understood, not only in a moral, but an orthodox sense of the words also. For, according to our divines, that virtue which proceeds from a mere natural good disposition, or a regard to ethic beauty only, is so far from having any merit with God, that it is made a doubt, by the thirteenth article of our faith, whether it does not partake of the nature of sin.

So that mere simple virtue, according to this opinion, must take up with its concomitant pleasure for its reward— —as no action, which does not spring wholly from a religious principle, and is not dictated, either by our love or obedience to God— —and does not direct itself, either ac-

tually or virtually, immediately, to his glory, can be, in the least degree, entitled to the promises of the gospel.

And those miserable sinners, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, while they ignorantly meant to have heaped benefits upon mankind, were, it seems, according to this same thirteenth article, but heaping coals of fire upon their own heads.

So that, were a bishop, now-a-days, to take the trouble of converting one of such fellows as these, he ought to begin by stripping him stark-naked of all charity, benevolence and virtue, and after he had been left for some time to cool in that situation, then put him out to school, to some clerk of a parish, to be taught them all over again anew.

I hope that the right reverend fathers of the church will now think me sufficiently orthodox, in this passage, to entitle me to a deanry at least.

74. Socrates, in the Phædon, makes a great difference between virtue and habit, with regard to the allotments hereafter. He says, That a person who behaves well,

from a moral principle, shall be entitled to an infinitely higher reward, than one who fills up the same measure of duty, merely from use or exercise.

This is a fine reflection in a Pagan. The Christian divines carry their distinction much farther, by giving the same advantage to religion over morals, that Socrates does to morals over habit.

75. When the different species of animals are not distinguishable throughout, as, the ass, the mule, from the horse—the monkey, the baboon, from the man—they are apt to shock and disgust our sight.

The different sexes, too, in human nature, should be as strongly marked as possible, for the same reason. An effeminate man, or a masculine woman, are still more offensive than the former instances—because they hurt a moral too. *Hic mulier* and *hæc vir*, are unnatural concords.

76. I take the errors and absurdities of the Roman catholic tenets and doctrines to have arisen merely from this—That as soon as the Christian religion came to make its way in the world, to be estab-

lished in governments, and endowed with lands, benefices, jurisdictions, and other temporal emoluments, certain deists, or moral heathens, began to attack the church, as a mere political institution, framed to overturn states and kingdoms—urging, that there appeared to have been no sort of necessity for a revelation, which had advanced nothing new, or unknown to mankind before, from the pure light of nature and philosophy.

Thus, then, the best evidence of its divine origin—its being but a more rational, compact, and refined system of ethics, introduced with humility, recommended with meekness, and practised with mortification and self-denial—neither enforced with worldly power, nor subversive of any laws, natural, moral, or political—was pleaded against it.

Upon which the councils of priests, in those days, alarmed for their temporal estates, power, and dominion, began to get together, in the devil's name, and put every text of scripture on the rack, to confess articles of faith and practice, of such extraordinary natures as the light of reason

could never have dictated, and which were directly contrary to whatever its logic could ever have submitted to—such as, infallibility, transubstantiation, supererogation, absolution, indulgence, dissolving of allegiance, temporal jurisdiction, inquisition, corporal penances, and propagating the gospel of peace and mercy by the arguments of fire and sword. The infidels were nonsuited upon this.

77. Algebra is the metaphysics of arithmetic.

78. The stumbling-block of the Jews, was their mistaking the second coming of the Messiah in glory, for his first appearance in obscurity. They had conceived such a vain notion of their deliverer, that they scorned to submit their faith to a private person, when they expected an earthly king.

They may, perhaps, plead some excuse for this mistake at first—but they appear really to have been a perverse and stiff-necked generation of infidels, who did not submit themselves to the church of Rome, when the Popes had established

their temporal kingdom, their 'absolute dominion over all the powers of Europe, and shewed them, according to their own opinions, the triumphant state of Christ upon earth.

79. A supplement to Bacon's mythology of the ancients——

Perhaps the fable of Jupiter's supplanting his father Saturn, the first of all the gods, might have arisen from a corruption of the tradition handed down from Adam, that the Son of God was the Creator of the world, and all animated beings therein——which, in the dark ages of ignorance in divine mysteries, might have been interpreted as a superseding of God the Father's power, and usurping the heavens.

80. Another.

Perhaps the story of Prometheus creating man, bringing fire from heaven to animate him——his attempting the chastity of Pallas, and being condemned to severe pains in consequence of these acts——might have alluded to the Logos regenerating human nature, informing it with the Holy Spirit, its entering into the Vir-

gin's womb, and suffering the passion, for the redemption of the world.

81. Another.

I wonder much, that those mystic divines who are fond of deducing types of Christianity out of the Pagan mythology, have never made an allusion, from Cerberus, with his three heads, to the Pope, and his triple crown.

The first guarded the entrance into the Elysian fields, and the latter assumes the keys of St. Peter—the power of absolution, excommunication, etc.

82. Another.

In the heathen mythology, reported by Avienus in his celestial history, Jupiter is said to have placed Hercules next to himself in the heavens, with his heel bruising the great serpent's head, that had kept possession of the garden.—Apply this.

83. Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of Science.

84. Art and Science are words frequently made use of, but the precision of which is so rarely understood, that they are often mistaken for one another.

I don't like any of the definitions of

the schools. I met with a distinction, somewhere, once, comparing science to wit, and art to humour; but it has more of fancy than philosophy in it. It serves to give us, however, some idea of the difference between them, though no idea of either.

I think that science may be styled the knowledge of universals, or abstract wisdom; and art is science reduced to practice—or science is reason, and art the mechanism of it—and may be called practical science. Science, in fine, is the theorem, and art the problem.

I am aware that this objection will be made—that poetry is deemed an art, and yet it is not mechanical. But I deny it to be an art—neither is it a science. Arts and sciences may be taught—poetry cannot. But poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul, when it first quickened, and should neither be styled art or science, but genius.

85. He who desires more than will supply the competencies of life, except for the sole purposes of charity, respects others more than himself. For he pays an expen-

five compliment to the world—as all beyond the first requisites is expended merely to attract the admiration, or provoke the envy of his neighbours.

86. Sir Thomas More, and other remarkable persons, have been censured for behaving too lightly at the point of death. But perhaps there is a certain heaviness of heart, that may occasion a lightness of head, and give people the appearance of a bravery which they do not feel—like that kind of temerity with which cowards are sometimes inspired by despair.

As this may be the case, a neglect of a proper gravity and decorum, upon so serious and interesting an occasion, should no more be imputed to them as a fault, than the deliriums of a fever.

I speak not here against Christian resignation, or philosophic composure, upon such a crisis.

87. I agree with Erasmus, on the subject of the Trinity—*Satis est credere*. And therefore shall never perplex myself, either with philosophizing or theologizing about the matter.

88. Positiveness is a most absurd foible.

If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph: if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

89. A singular person may be compared to a monster—more admired at, than esteemed.

90. Desire in youth is a passion—in age a vice—While it solicits us, it is pardonable— —but when we pimp for it— —O shameful!

91. Friends may be compared to wine—the new more pure, and every drop is potable:—the old more rich—but there are apt to subside some dregs of age, Quere?

92. Writings may be compared to wine. Sense is the strength, but wit the flavour. No quere.

93. St. Evremond is the best modern ancient I ever read.

94. Probably providence has implanted peevishness and ill temper in sick and old persons, in compassion to the friends or relations who are to survive; as it must naturally lessen the concern they might otherwise feel for their loss.

95. I prefer the Greek epigram to the Latin one. The first consists in a natural,

but not obvious thought, expressed with strength and delicacy. The latter has too much point and conceit in it: it has not the true simplicity of ancient wit.

Catullus wrote in the spirit of the former—Martial in the ghost of the latter. Almost all the moderns have generally imitated the Roman poet, because it is the easiest manner of writing—requiring less wit or genius. But the former style must be original, and is incapable of imitation; or must suffer the censure of Horace—

—————*Frustraque laborat,*
Ausus idem.—————

96. Shaftsbury would impose ridicule on us, as a test of truth. He is, I think, in general, but a slight writer. His arguments are weak, superficial, and inconclusive. He was, therefore, under the necessity of calling in the auxiliary of wit to his aid, but failed more remarkably in this resource too—for I think that he reasons even better than he jests.

97. Let your pleasures be of choice, not of course.

98. Marriage may be compared to the monster Lindamira-Indamoro, in Scriblerus—different minds united only by the body. But love resembles an hermaphrodite, where different sexes are informed with but one soul.

I ransacked all nature to find out more seemly allusions, to illustrate my position—but was obliged to take up with these, out of nature, after all.

99. I thought that to forgive our enemies, had been the highest effort of the heathen ethic—but that the returning good for evil, was an improvement of the Christian morality.

But I had the mortification to meet with the interloper Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of loving our enemies. Perhaps for this reason, among others, he was styled by Erasmus, "a Christian before Christianity."

100. There should always be a clause of divorce in the marriage covenant of princes, in case of barrenness, in order to prevent greater evils. For as poison has often been made a political use of upon such occasions, it might possibly be some

temptation to her Majesty to prescribe to herself a dose of adultery, *quantum sufficit*, in hope of removing obstructions. For a queen may have reason to cry out with Rachel, "Give me children, or I die."

This expedient may, perhaps, be a natural reason for so many kings, in history, having degenerated from the spirit and virtue of their imputed ancestry.

101. The English constitution of state is composed out of all the ancient politics—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and oligarchy—the king, nobles, commons, and privy council.

These several bodies temper and correct each other, like the four ingredients of punch—where, according to the good old catch,

"The sharp melts the sweet, and the
mild soothes the strong."

The first is the sugar, the second the water, the third the spirit, and the fourth the acid.

102. There is a maxim, that "it is better ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer."

This I deny. Humanity, not policy, speaks this language. The impunity of even one villain is capable of doing more injury to society, than the loss of even more than one honest man.

The laws of war, though severe, are, however, founded in political justice. If the enemy has got possession of an outwork, no scruple is made of blowing up the rampart, though part of our own soldiery should be on duty there.

I feel myself shocked on the close of this paragraph. This is the first time of my life that ever I suffered my philosophy to plead against my humanity. *Sed fiat justitia*, for justice is humanity.

103. A man's fortune should be his rule for sparing, but not for spending. Extravagance may be supported, but not justified, by affluence.

104. A gallows, like the forbidden tree, gives at once both death and knowledge.

105. That truth is hid in a well, and that there is truth in wine, have both the same import—implying, that none but sober persons should be intrusted with a secret.

106. However arch I may be said to be in my hints, or free in my allusions, I never remember to have made use of any one loose or obscene expression in my life, and have always discountenanced it in others.

I have ever held the mysteries of the *bona dea* sacred— and have so much of the Pagan in me, as to regard love as a deity— which leads me to consider gross language to be a sort of heathen blasphemy.

107. *Dato obolum Belisario.* I would not have given him a farthing. He deserved not to eat the bread he begged— because he begged it. Was Belisarius a Christian?

108. Lucretius styles the intellect, *spiritus unguenti suavis*; and some other poet—for my memory is bad—calls it *flas Bacchi*. I say, that spare diet, and clear skies, are Apollo and the Muses.

109. A criticism, after the manner of Bentley:

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

JUVENAL.

Methinks I never read a poorer Latin sentence than this. *Habet* is not the proper verb here—It betokeneth possession, for which there happens to be no manner of application in this passage. *Est* should have been the verb——changing the grammar.

Infelix paupertas is a false metaphor, and can only be supported by certain figurative modes of speech, which critics—or rather commentators—have framed upon the defects of ancient literature. *Darius* is an improper epithet here. It is expressive of a sensible quality only. *Pejor* should have been the comparative in this place.

In se—Superfluous expletive! This is one of the vices of metre.

Quam quod—Two adverbs, both monosyllables, and beginning with a double alliteration also. Bald!

Ridiculos homines. These words ought not to have been joined so close together in the same sentence. It renders the sibilant of their terminations offensive to the euphonic ear. Besides, it is quite ridiculous to apply that epithet in this place——for poverty may perhaps render a

person contemptible, but it must be his own fault if it should ever make him ridiculous.

Facit. This is but a poor make-shift of a verb, and terminates the sentence weakly. *Reddit* would have been fuller, and more expressive.

110. A critical dissertation on *purpurea nix*, after the manner of commentators:

Purpurea nix, and *purpurei olores*, are expressions in the classics. It hath puzzled the annotators to account why snow or swans should assume the epithet of purple—and having no other way to solve the difficulty, resolved among themselves, that the ancients used to style all bright colours, *quicquid valde nitens*, purple.

But might not there have been a breed of swans among them of a real purple colour? Or, might not this description have been taken from the cygnets, which are generally of a fufky colour, inclining to purple, though *non valde nitens*?

Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen—not Apzoom—in his learned description of Norway, says that the north sea is blue.

*In mare purpureum violentior affluit
amnis.*

VIRG.

That the ice there is of the same colour, and was styled by the ancients, *coerulea glacies*—and that the snow on the tops of their mountains is also bluish, and is therefore commonly called *blabren*—that is, of a colour inclining to purple.

I expect that the republic of letters will acknowledge great obligations to me, for the ingenuity of the above criticism; as I do affirm it to be every way as learned and material as many volumes of commentations that, I am sorry to say, I have most stupidly and unprofitably sacrificed too much of my irretrievable and imputable time to.

111. To have a respect for ourselves, guides our morals; and to have a deference for others, governs our manners.

112. A regard to decency, and the common punctilioes of life, has been often serviceable in human society. It has kept many a married couple unseparated, and frequently preserves a neighbourly inter-

course, where love and friendship both have been wanting.

113. That ridiculous expression, in Lord Grimston's play of "Love in a hollow tree,"—

"Let's here repose our wearied limbs,
'till wearied more they be,"

may be supported by a passage in Horace "*fatigatum somno*"—and by another in Tibullus,

"*Ille meos somno lassos patefacit ocellos.*"

114. Of all knaves, your fools are the worst—because they rob you both of your time and temper.

115. It is not the force of friendship, but the prevalence of vice, that makes the moderns so often exceed that admirable rule of the ancients, *usque ad aras*—"Carry not your friendships beyond the altar."

116. A definition of what are generally styled bargains, is, the buying a bad commodity that you don't want, because you can get it cheaper than a good one when you do.

117. The ancients' manner of commemorating their gods, heroes, and friends, was by libations, not potations. Would it were the same among the moderns. Wine is often better spilt than drunk.

118. Lovers express themselves properly when they talk of an exchange of hearts. For this enchanting passion but commutes the characters of the sexes, by giving spirit to the nymph, and softness to the swain, mutually exchanging courage and timidity with each other.

119. Drink never changes, but only shews our natures.

120. All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is frisky.

121. A moral, in the style of Seneca:
It is better to do the idlest thing in the world, than to sit idle for half an hour.

122. When a misfortune is impending, I cry, God-forbid—but when it falls upon me, I say, God be praised.

123. Courage and modesty are the most unequivocal virtues—because they are such as hypocrisy cannot imitate—and they have this property in common also,

that they are both expressed by the same colour.

124. The ancients represented Saturn under the character of Time, with wings on his shoulders, and fetters on his feet.

This was to mark the swiftness of it to some, and its slowness to others—according to this line,

O vita! stulto longa, sapienti brevis.

125. "There will be two women grinding at the mill—the one shall be taken, and the other left."—The miller's claim to half the corn for grist, from this text, is as good a plea as many of the pretences of the Church of Rome are supported by.

126. The extravagant encomiums that have been handed down to us from the ancient critics, of many of those authors whose works have been long swallowed up in the gulph of time, and whose names are commemorated only in their commentaries, might make us lament the loss of so much wit, humour, and fine writing, as is there pretended, if the fragments of some of them, which, by their being preserved, we may reasonably suppose to.

have been the choicest parts, did not afford us an opportunity of judging a little for ourselves.

And upon such a critical review, I dare say, that a candid reader will think those writings which have happily escaped to us entire, or even maimed, are worth the whole library of those that lie entombed with their authors. *Vide Les jugemens des sçavans, par M. Baillet*, for five volumes of such sort of stuff.

127. One should read both ancient and modern critics with extreme diffidence, upon the subjects of literature. The difference, nay the contrariety, of opinions, given by persons of equal judgment, capacity, and learning, upon the very same work, must surprise us extremely, if we were not to consider critics to be in the same situation with lovers. Smitten with some features, which another eye might possibly perceive no manner of beauty in, they are apt fondly to impute perfection to the whole.

So that, in one case, as well as the other, the old adage, *de gustibus non*, may be affirmed.—And therefore, it is not

the judgments or the sense of the commentators we have any pretence to reprehend, but their taste, their sympathy, their eniverments, only. Let us then always judge, taste, or feel, for ourselves, and not be misled by great names.

128. Among the many curious imper-
tinences of the schools, there is none that
appears to me so truly ridiculous, as the
strife about the authority of the works of
the ancients. Is it the author, or the writ-
ing, we admire or criticise? But it is still
the authors we have before us, no matter
for their names, when we are comment-
ing upon any work of genius.

I do not care one farthing whether Pis-
ander's or Virgil's manuscript—Macrobius
affirms the first—was the original of the
second Aeneid—or Apollonius of Rhodes
the author of the fourth.—Whether one
Homer, of seven cities, framed the Iliad
and the Odyssey entire, or only tacked a
parcel of old ballads together, and sung

	1	2		
	them about the streets of Smyrna, Rhodes,			
3	4	5	6	
Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, or				

7

Athens, to the title of "The blind beggar-man's garland."

I do not pretend to say that we have Virgil or Homer before us, when we read those words imputed to them. But we have certainly the writers of them—which is all we need contend for. And I really think that those scholars, who affect a precision in this very immaterial matter, are not a bit wiser than a very pretty woman, who asked me once, with the sweetest smile imaginable, "Who was the author of Shakespear's plays?"

129. Charles had a sort of philosophy, without reflection, that reconciled him to every thing. Among the other particulars of his life, he was the most contented cuckold too that ever I knew, and could throw his horns behind him, like a flag darting through a hedge.

130. Scaliger styles titillation a sixth sense.—And certainly there is as great a difference between being tickled and simple feeling, as between taste and touch.

But then, the same overstrained philosophy might as well deem the sea to be

a fifth element, because it differs so much from common water. For titillation, like the briny wave, is but a stronger or more pungent sensation—one of the taste, the other of the touch.

131. Maria was so full of grimace, that she prostituted every feature of her body, but one—and that escaped, only by her not being able to lie a moment still.

132. In part of Lord Kames's Elements of Criticism, he says, that "music improves the relish of a banquet." That I deny—any more than painting might do. They may both be additional pleasures, as well as conversation is, but are perfectly distinct notices; and cannot, with the least propriety, be said to mix or blend with the repast, as none of them serve to raise the flavour of the wine, the sauce, the meat, or help to quicken appetite. But music and painting both add a spirit to devotion, and elevate the ardour*.

133. What a dread of death must some people have, who would rather be dying than dead!

* See what Triglyph says upon music at meals.—*Triumvirate*, chap. *lxxiv*.

134. A toad, fed on the vapours of a dungeon, is not such a wretch, as a man of sense, who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak or worthless woman.

Women are apt to be vain of such a conquest; but more, as the poet expresses it, for the triumph than the prize. For otherwise, a fool they would count greater gain. They ignorantly flatter themselves, that they have been capable of imposing on men of understanding, when, in truth, it is they who have imposed on themselves.—Their pride will not suffer them to imagine they could ever sustain a passion for a fool: so, helping the fair-idiot out with their own sense and understanding, they often lend arms against themselves, ere they are aware.

135. Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes—But the safest way is to see through their ears.—Who was it that said, Speak, that I may see you?

136. A friend of mine was so conscientious a wench, that he always compounded with Vice, by taking an old mistress. So that, though he made an harlot, he did not make a bastard.

137. Merit, accompanied with beauty, is a jewel set to advantage. Quere?

138. *Currat lex*—a motto for a lawyer's coach. *Fiat justitia*—a paragram for an hangman's cart.

139. The moral law, without a sanction, is like the English code—a perfect system of constitution, but wanting a sufficient law to put the whole in force.

140. When I see Mrs.—and her husband, I think of a monkey, fastened to a log, and playing antic tricks.

141. Tom is a mere adjective of society; for he cannot support himself one moment alone—nor is he ever so much as spoken of singly, but is tacked always to others, as Virgil introduces Therfilochus, with a copulative at the end of a line:

— — *Glaucumque, Medontaque, Ther-
filochumque.*

*Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque,
Therfilochumque.*

142. Modern poets put too much water into the ink.

143. Men are like plants—some delight in the sun, and others in the shade.

144. The many various and absurd systems of religion, reported from the most ancient histories of the several parts of the world, appear to amount almost to a proof, that there must have been some part of revelation originally made to our first parents; which, handed down to posterity by oral tradition, or, at best, by types and hieroglyphics, received such alterations and corruptions, through the mistakes, the weaknesses, or sinister arts of man, as made it terminate in downright idolatry among the ignorant, and in atheism with the learned——to a certain pitch of error and presumption.

For, had there not been any revelation at all, there would either have been no sort of religion in the world, or a more rational one. For, in that case, it must have been deduced, by tracing effects up to their causes, as far as the philosophy of the age, in which this should have happened, might have been able to have reached—And then— —*Deus interfit*. So that the natural philosopher, and the moral reasoner, both joined in one, must have become atheist.

But this, probably, could never have been the origin of religion, for the following reason—That this philosophic research must have happened in latter times than those, in which history informs us, the many fantastic modes of ancient worship had been professed among all the nations of the earth, even the most illiterate, ignorant, and barbarous, who never could have taken up the least notion of religion from their own premises or conclusions.

145. There are two sorts of moral writers.—The one represents human nature in an angelic light, and the other in a beastly one. The first are generally found among the ancients; and the latter entirely among the moderns—chiefly the French.

They are both wrong.—One argues from the best, and the other from the worst, of our species. Doctor Young has a just sentiment, in his *Centaur*; which reconciles these different writers—"We cannot think too highly of our natures, nor too meanly of ourselves."

146. A Montaigniana,

Or a wandering thought, after the manner of Montaigne:

The Koran. Vol. II.

R

While a man is reading or thinking abstractedly, he is a king for the time—as being quite free from any manner of reflection regarding his own circumstances. Indeed, how seldom is it in the day that he feels the difference between himself and a king?

Monarchs are unhappier than their subjects—for use makes state familiar, and the fatigue grows every day more irksome. —Has opulence and grandeur then no advantages?—None— —but the power of doing good.

I have often been surprised that so little of this kind of manufacture is ever wrought by princes, when the very rarity of the work might serve to render their names famous to posterity

“And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare.”

But away with all ambition, which only affects our names, without improving our natures.

147. A moral, after the manner of Rochefoucault, and others of that stamp of immoral writers, who, in all their philo-

sophic reflections, endeavour to depreciate human nature:

As our bodies are compounded of different elements, so are our minds of various passions.—And as the blending of the former creates the union of body, so is all virtue produced by the balancing or commixing of the several affections and propensities of the soul.

As our bodies are formed of clay, so are even our virtues made up of meanness or vice.—Add vain glory to avarice, and it rises to ambition.—Lust inspires the lover, and selfish wants the friend.—Prudence is created by fear, and courage arises from madness, or from pride.

148. A reflection on the *decens et decorum*, in morals:

A friend of mine distrained a tenant's cattle for rent, then took them out of the pound, and put them on his own demesne to graze. The arrear was discharged in a day or two. The flock was surrendered, but the tenant was charged for their grafs.

There appears certainly to be nothing contrary to law or moral, nor the least sort of oppression or extortion in this mat-

ter. It was equal to the tenant, whether he had paid for grazing to the landlord, or the pound-keeper. Then what can it be, that strikes one so strongly with the idea of a difference?

There must surely be a want of decency in this action.—And though it may be, perhaps, too refined a speculation, to trace the subtile connexion between them, yet I think, that want of decency offends, by implying, in some sort, a deficiency of moral. It certainly does of that refined moral which Prior hints at:

*“Beyond the fix’d and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,”* etc.

If decorum be not the substance of virtue, it is at least one of its accidents. It is an adjective, which depends upon some moral for its substantive.—It is the round, the full, the fair, of the great circle*. Or, it may be compared to the fine essence of light, that must have some solid matter for its subject, upon which it reflects all the beauty of colours.

* See Prior’s tale of Protogenes and Apelles.

149. The mind is naturally active, and will employ itself ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raise the devil, they must find him work—and that he will as readily build a church as pull one down.

150. It is in what the world reckons trifles that a good understanding should most employ itself.—Great occasions generally direct their own operations, and but seldom occur—while every day's experience presents you with small cares sufficient to exercise your utmost prudence upon.— — — Therefore,

*“ Think nought a trifle, though it small
appear—*

*Small sands the mountain— — moments
make the year— —*

*And trifles life.—Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die—before you learn to live.”*

YOUNG.

151. I think that a person may as well be asleep— — for they can only be said to dream— — who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct.

152. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained; or so cheaply purchased—the labour only fitting still, and the expense but time, which, if we do not spend, we cannot save.

153. If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world—but yet not a full one. For even this would be such an oeconomy, as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

154. There are three ways of dealing with time—losing it, spending it, or putting it out to use.

*Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus
—hoc est vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.*

155. One of the fathers compares contemplation and action to Rachel and Leah. The first was fairest, but the latter more fruitful.

I am afraid he was not quite orthodox, by the wit of his simile.

156. To the many difficult conceits of the ancients, for the cramp of wit—such

as poems cut out into the shapes of hearts, altars, wings, etc. I would incumber literature with a fancy of my own invention — — — which, if it should once obtain — as, from the futility of it, there can hardly be a doubt — may be styled, the double *boutrime* — because the last word in every line is always made to chime to the first, throughout the poem — — which takes off from the constraint of couplets, and joins the strength of blank verse, and the softness of rhyme, together, in the same line.

Examples.

*Love is the pivot on which all things
move.*

*Death is no more than stopping our last
breath.*

With other moral reflections of the same kind.

157. Jack had every merit of a school-boy — except his learning — — and he is now too old to retrieve that article.

158. Miss R — — married, only because she had been surfeited with fornication, and longed to try the variety of adultery a little.

Simple meats become insipid to a vitiated taste——It requires mixed sauces to quicken appetite.

159. James supplied the want of spirit with the usual succedaneum of spite.——

Quantum sufficit.

160. Ned had a little spirit of gibe and humour, sometimes, that used to render him entertaining enough on particular occasions——but when that vein did not happen to serve him, one might well say, that Ned was a dull dog, without a joke.

161. Mrs. N——was an insensible libertine—and intrigued more through vice than passion.

162. Mr. G——'s house is so kennelled with dogs, that one might fancy he lived in a forest, and had no other neighbours but bears.

163. George has so much impudence in him, that, like the Scythian, he might be said to be face all over.

164. Kit was master of a kind of inverted wit, that consisted in a remarkable quickness of misapprehension. He would often pretend to mistake some one word in a sentence, for any other of a similar

found, and, by commenting, or running a parody on it, contrive to throw the speaker into an embarrassment.

165. A lie is a desperate cowardice.— It is to fear man, and brave God.

166. I never drink— —I cannot do it, on equal terms with others— — —It costs them only one day— —but me three— — the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.

167. Sight is by much the noblest of the senses. We receive our notices from the other four, through the organs of sensation only. We hear, we feel, we smell, we taste, by touch. But sight rises infinitely higher.— —It is refined above matter, and equals the faculty of spirit.

168. To put ourselves in other persons' places, would obviate a great deal of the jealousies and resentments we are too frequently sensible of towards them; and to put others into ours, would considerably abate the pride and haughtiness of ourselves.

169. Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.

170. Sir Isaac Newton used to say, that

it was mere labour and patient thinking, which had enabled him to investigate the great laws of nature.—Hear this, ye blockheads, and go study.

And because I know how much a good example is apt to influence, I will begin a course myself, as soon as I have wrote

FINIS
ESSAIARUM,
SENTIMENTORUM,
CHARACTERIUM,
ATQUE
CALLIMACHORUM.

MEMORABILIA:
O R,
EXTRAORDINARY THINGS,
A N D
REMARKABLE SAYINGS,
I N
LIFE, LITERATURE, AND
PHILOSOPHY.

COLLECTED TOGETHER
B Y
TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,
M. N. A.

V O L. III.

Sparsa coegi.



P R E F A C E.

GREGORIO LETI wrote as many books as he was years old. Homer divided the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus numbered his books after the Muses. And if ever Wilkes should commence an author, he will never stop, probably, till he has published volumes forty-five.

From all which premises, I think it must appear pretty plain to the intelligent reader, that *Tria Juncta in Uno* ought to divide his work into three parts, in allusion to his name—which, you see, I have accordingly done.

And, for this reason, I make not the least manner of scruple to prefer myself before all and every of the above-named authors—not only on account of my work being so much shorter than any of theirs, but principally in compliment to the number *three*, which you know—or

ought to know—to be the completest sum in arithmetic.

To odd numbers, in general, the ancients attributed certain charms or powers—but three stands the foremost of them all—as it is the first that is capable of the act or potency of multiplication.

If you would be more deeply learned upon this subject, consult my essay on this same number—though I am not quite sure whether I shall afford you an opportunity of doing so, in the course of this work, or no—That will depend entirely upon my having, or not having, sufficient notes to finish this volume without it.

Three was the number of the Graces, the Furies, the Fates, the Syrens, the Gorgons, and the Graeae—those infernal hags, who had but one eye and one tooth among them, which they used to borrow, by turns, as they were to see company, or chew their cud.

When I speak of the Syrens, I only mean the three of them that are now alive—namely, Aglaope, Pisinoe, and Thelxiope—There had been a fourth among them originally—the dear Parthenope—

my favourite of them all—They were the daughters of Melpomene.—She got them merely to divert her melancholy—by whom, I really have forgot.

They had been, all four, maids of honour to the princess Europa, when the divine bull carried her off.—The chaste, the tender Parthenope was so shocked at the rape, that she took grief and died. Her mistress had, happily, a stronger constitution.—Or, possibly, a rape may sometimes offend those who are not ravished, more than those that are.

Geryon had three bodies, Cerberus heads enough for them all; and Solomon as many options. There were three Triumvirates—Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus—Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus—and Andrews, Beville, and Carewe—This last is formed by one Triglyph too.

Apollo had his tripod, and Neptune his trident. One, two, three, and away, was the note for starting at the Olympic races. And the ancients used to call thrice upon every corpse, to know if it could start any objection to its being interred.

Which naturally leads me to Hades, or

Ades, the old-fashioned region of distribution, according to our good or bad deeds. It consisted of three provinces—Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium—Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. It had its three judges too—Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus.—Its three rivers also—Phlegethon, Cocytus, and Acheron.—With many other triads, too numerous and inconsiderable to mention.

In the midst of the above enumerations tripartite, it occurred to me, to mention the Pope's triple crown among the rest. But I supposed, that this emblem had its allusion—and I was resolved to restrict myself entirely to fable.

With regard to the following collection, I think I need not trouble you with any manner of preface about it; for the very title of it sufficiently explains the nature of the design. I thought that a compilation of this kind, might be not only an entertainment to the public, but also, in some instances, improving.

ADIEU—

That ye may thrice happy be, prays your
thrice obliged, and thrice humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

MEMORABILIA.

1. **ZOROASTER**, says Pliny, was reported to have laughed on the day of his birth. Sir Thomas More laughed in the hour of death—Which was the most extraordinary?

2. Publius Syrus says, that a woman knows no medium between loving and hating.

3. There were famous women of all the philosophic sects—but infinitely a greater number are recorded of the Pythagorean school—though it enjoined silence, and the keeping of secrets.

4. John Weaver, in his History of Ancient Monuments, published in the year 1630, quotes the following prophecy from an holy anchorite in King Elthred's time:

“Englyshmen, for as much as they use to dronkelewnes, to treason, and to rech-

lenefs of Goddes hous, firft by Danes, and then by Normans, and atte thirde time by Scottes, they fhall be overcome."

5. Monsieur Sainctyon, in his life of Tamerlane, fays, that in a certain Perfian nation, of the province of Chouvatfam, the people are all born with a mufical voice; and that the children's moan or cry in the cradle is perfectly melodious.

This muft be owing——for I would always rather account for, than difpute a thing——to the peculiar fituation of the country, which may poffibly have the effect of modulating the air. In hilly countries, the elastic fpring of that element communicates a certain fhriUnefs, or fharp accent, to whatever found it reverberates. In Wales, the dogs bark with an ear-piercing tone—and perhaps with a brogue, as Mrs. Digherty fays, in Ireland.

6. The laft words that Nero uttered, after he had done but juftice on himfelf, were—O what an excellent harper dies this day!

7. My taylor in London ufed to let his pipe flow all day, by way of lulling himfelf with the found of a water-fall.

8. That dukes would be ministers of state!
and that cobblers should keep holy-days!

9. In the Rabbinical account of the Jewish trials and punishments for adultery, there is one very curious particular:

They gave the woman a potion, composed by the priest, called *agua zelotiphæ*, or the water of jealousy.—If she had been guilty, it poisoned her forthwith—without benefit of clergy. But if innocent, it increased her health and fruitfulness——What fine juggling there must have been here!

And if the husband happened to have been guilty in the same way himself, the draught had no ill effect on the woman, though she had been ever so culpable.—Natural justice, this.

10. The Spanish inns make a charge for noise always in their bills, whether you make any or no.

11. The Bishop of Beauvais, who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu, as premier in France, proposed to the Dutch, that they should all turn Papists, or be turned out of the alliance with the grand monarch.

12. Louis the fourteenth, though a king, rewarded merit, and encouraged literature.

13. The two last letters in *Skibboleth*, would be as good a test of an Irishman, as the two first were of the Ephraimites.

14. The Athenians always cast their children into the sea, that happened to be born with any manner of defect or deformity.—I prefer my own scheme in the Callimachies to this. See No. 58.

15. *Inter se* is an idiom in the Latin, which signifies, *from each other*; though both the grammar and dictionary of that language would render it, *among themselves*—which is the very reverse.

16. To grammarians, linguists, nurses, and philosophers, greeting:

What can be the reason, that all the little children of Great Britain and Ireland universally say Me, for I?—Me love you—Me is sleepy—Me is hungry, etc.

This cannot be imitation—For the most illiterate parent, nurse, or servant, always say I.

17. The ancients have depicted Cupid and Somnus so alike, that they are not to be distinguished, but by their emblems.

Surely they could not mean, by this equivocation, that love was but a dream,

which vanishes into air, as soon as we awoken to our senses.

18. The devil is Milton's hero. Ovid seems to have been as partial as the old giants.

19. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, says, very gravely, that the giants were not so easily conquered, as might have been expected.

And again, that some poets had described that affair, as attended with more difficulty than they ought.

20. Spence says also, that Statius describes Minos and Aeacus sitting in judgment, to assist Pluto—and adds, but it must have been only occasionally.

21. Adad was the greatest of the Assyrian gods.—Is this what we mean, when we swear adad?

22. Lord Kames, in his *Elements of Criticism*, hints, that brutes might become rational, if the use of speech was communicated to them.—Pray are Parrots or Magpies rational? Women are, we know—but would they be less so, if they spoke less?

23. Androcles was the name of the person who led the tame lion about the streets

of Rome.—See the story of it in Aulus Gellius; and believe it, if you can.

24. The expression in Shakespear, of sack and sugar, is not so absurd as it sounds.—Put sugar to sack, and it gives it a brisk, lively flavour, that cures it of that heavy, luscious taste, which it has in its own nature.

25. Sir Isaac Newton was mistaken in his philosophy of vegetables being nourished by moisture. It is only the vehicle. The *pabulum*, or *incrementum*, is received from the earth.

I am sorry that this *postulatum* is not true.—It would have destroyed the assertion of the atheists, that this world was from all eternity. Had plants taken their augment from moisture, and then perished into earth, there could not have subsisted such an element as water now in nature. Therefore, the Mosaic history of the world's having been made *in time*, must have been true.

It might also have suggested a philosophical proof of this world's being finally to be destroyed by fire.—For heat will increase, in proportion to the decrease of moisture.

26. A certain Venetian, a person of polite learning and fine taste, was so struck with the refined difference between Catullus and Martial, in their epigrams, that he used to perform an annual ceremony in his library, on each returning day of Catullus's mortuity in which he sacrificed a volume of Martial's works to the manes of his favourite author.

27. It has been remarked, that men are often most strongly attached to women who have not one valuable, or amiable quality to recommend them.—The argument for which must then be, that if a man happen to fall in love without any reason, he can never have any reason for ceasing to love.

28. George has lately obtained a peerage.—He was little, but would be less—so purchased a title, and became more contemptible.

29. Fifth-women cry Noble Officers.—They certainly are full as noble as any family blazoned out in Collins's peerage.—If not of as ancient an house, of as old a bed at least—And to shew their richness too, pearls and they are congenial.

30. The deriving of families from ancient times, merely from the sound or similarity of names, as is done in all books of heraldry, puts me in mind of Swift's conceit, in proving the antiquity of bees from the Hivites, a race of people mentioned in the Old Testament.

31. The Jews were the first nation, upon record, who introduced an attention to genealogy.—They had a reason for it, both in their law and in their gospel.—But after the coming of our Saviour, one should conclude all such superstition to have been at an end—as St. Paul says, “Neither give heed to fables, and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifyings.”—And again —“But avoid foolish questions and genealogies.”

32. The Beggar's Opera was written in order to run down the Italian ones. But it is of late become the object of its own ridicule. They have so carbonaded and fritterellied it, that it is now neither one thing nor the other—an English, nor an Italian opera—They are, at length, become allies, and hobble *en pair*.

33. The circumstance of Robert discovering his father, William the Conqueror, at an engagement in Normandy, just as he was going to kill him, their reconciliation in the sight of both armies, etc. would be a fine situation for an affecting tragedy.

34. A friend of Sir Thomas More's offered him the choice of his daughters for a wife. He liked the second one the best, but accepted of the eldest, merely to save her the mortification of having a younger sister preferred before her.

This is a fine story, by way of test, to try the force of sentiment in others. The question happened to be proposed to me once in this way—I approved of the generosity of the act, but had the modesty to answer it only by saying, that a person ought to be ashamed to differ in opinion from so great a man, in any action of his life.

35. Tacitus gives the character of a man, *magis extra vitiiis, quam cum virtutibus*—This expression is by no means just, in a strict sense; for it is a vice to be void of virtues. *Dum satis putant vitio carere, in id ipsum incidunt vitium, quod virtu-*

tibus carent, says Quintilian, who was not only an excellent critic, but a sound moralist.

Tacitus has many beauties in his writings, but would sacrifice any thing to the framing of an *antithesis*. Sallust, and others among the ancients, had the same passion.

36. Loke says, that wit and judgment rarely meet in the same person; because that their talents are directly opposite—the first collecting together all ideas which are any way alike,—and the latter employed in separating those which in any particular differ.

Methinks there is more wit than judgment in this remark—For the same quickness which can form an assemblage, is as nimble at distinguishing.—The proverb is not applicable here,—Those who hide can find.

37. In the ninth book of Pope's *Iliad*, there is a note on the 494th line, where I think that both Eustathius and he have mistaken the sense.

When Achilles says, that he despises Agamemnon, like a Carian, he seems to hint that he must have had as venal a

soul as the people of Caria—a nation of Boeotia, that used to hire out its troops like the modern Swiss—to think that he could be bribed to battle by the presents he offers. He says, just before, his gifts are hateful—and immediately after,

Not though he proffer'd all himself pos-
sessed, etc.

The best way of solving a text, is by its own context.

38. *Ah! te meae si partem animae rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus aeque, nec superstes
Integer?*

HOR. L. 2. Od. 17.

Please to observe here, that Paddy He-
race says his friend is part of himself; and
that if this same part should be taken a-
way, the remainder—*altera*—would not
be the whole—*integer*.

Now if any modern author had written
the above passage, would not the English
critics style it an 'Hibernicism'?

39. There is another passage too in this
author, which may likewise be carped at,

but that it is not certain whether the error is to be imputed to the writer or transcriber—most probably to the latter, because that so small an erratum would set it right.

— — — *Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriae quis exul
Se quoque fugit?*

LIB. 2. Od. 16.

Here the sense is deficient in the first sentence—because the commutation is not proposed— —and the expression abounds with a pleonasm in the second.—For *exul* comprehends *patriae*.

But change this last word into *patria*, and join it to the first sentence—let us see how it will stand upon this alteration.

— — — *Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus patria? Quis exul
Se quoque fugit?*

You see that the deficiency is by this means supplied in the first part, and the abundance rescinded in the latter.

40. Pere Rapin says, very justly, of most of the Italian writers, that they strive

rather to say things wittily than naturally. But both French and English authors have frequently the same fault.

Look back to number 35, for the commencement of this vicious style of writing.

41. The Apollo Belvidere is confessedly the finest statue in the known world.—How could the very ingenious Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, mistake his figure and expression, just after having slain the Python, for a simple Apollo Venator?

42. Who need ever be vain of a poet's praise, when it is so notoriously known that the Muses sang a funeral elegy on the death of this same serpent Python, slain by Apollo, their very god?

43. In philosophy, it is said, that eunuchs bear wine better than men do. The philosopher then who claimed the prize of drinking, for being the first drunk, did honour to his gender.

Listen to this, ye jovial country 'squires, and never boast again of being "able to carry off a greater quantity of liquor—I think that is the phrase—than other men."

44. St. James says, "Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations."

45. By the institutions of Lycurgus, the rigour of the Spartan discipline, both in apparel and diet, was relaxed in time of war.

46. There be six things, in phyfic, styl-ed non-naturals. And what do you think they are? Even the most natural things in nature—diet—evacuation—air—exercise—sleeping—and waking.

47. In the Harleian Miscellany, volume the first, and page first—the preamble—there is this expression:—"To shew that when God is on our side, neither the power nor the policy of man is able to do us harm."—What a deep reflection! How many volumes of sermons have I seen wrote in the same way!

48. The Capitol of Rome was so called, because that a man's head—which might have been a woman's, for ought they knew—the gender does not lie there—happened to have been dug out of the foundation.

From this hint, the Augurs prophesied, that Rome should become the capital of the world.—You may see what sort of reasoners priests must have been from the beginning.

Rome was styled also the mistress, not the master of the world.—Which seems sufficiently to justify my surmise, above hinted, about the head.

49. Madness is consistent— which is more than can be said for poor Reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time, continues equally so throughout the whole delirium—though it should last for life.

Madmen are always constant in love; which no man in his senses ever was.—Our passions and principles are steady in phrenzy; but begin to shift and waver, as we return to reason.

50. It is an hard case, that the laws should not have made any manner of difference between murdering an honest man, and only executing a scoundrel. I really think that these things should always be rated *ad valorem*.

51. Pliny says, that the crocodile increases in strength to its latest age, and dies in full vigour—This would be a good poetical simile for Avarice, which

"Grows with our growth, and strengthens with our weakness."

52. A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, said she.—I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship, that they were deemed to be authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them.

53. A servant maid I had once—her name was not Dorothy *—returned home crying one day, because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a reprieve.

She had no spleen to the fellow—for he had been condemned only for a rape; nor was she of a cruel nature—but she had lost a sight.

54. Ravifius Textor has given us a catalogue of persons who died laughing.

55. The *Lex Papia* forbade men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty.

I think the law was wrong in the first article—because men may have children

* See chapter XXXIII. last paragraph but one.

long after that age—or their wives may, at least, which answers as well for the community. But matrimony is generally thrown away upon any woman after Wilkes's number.

To have children, is the only modest reason a woman can give for marriage. And after such pretence has ceased, what an indecent thing must it be, to see her proceeding to the gratification of her concupiscence, at the very foot of the altar?

56. A watch or clock goes the faster for being foul.

57. The famous princess Catharine Sforza, being besieged in a fortress by rebels, was threatened by them to have her children put to death, if she did not surrender the garrison—"Do with them as you please," said she, "for behold I have a mold to cast more."—So saying, she stepped up on the wall—I leave the historian to tell the rest. *Hist. des femmes illustres.*

I think that she might have been celebrated for her immodesty, as Jael was for her treachery above women in the tent.

58. Monsieur Menage, a poet of distin-

guished eminence in France, always sent a criticism to the press immediately after every piece he published, to prove that he had not one requisite of a poet in any of his writings; and that he wrote all his verses, *invitâ Minervâ*, by the mere dint of labour only. What a caprice!

59. Alecto inspiring Amata with rage, is compared by Virgil to a boy whipping his top.

60. Ask Doctor Smollet what he means, in his Travels, by the Genoese, the Empress of Russia, and making heaven accountable for the death of Peter the Third—Joan—and the predestination of her son?

61. There are certain fishes, styled abdominals, that have fins underneath their bellies—which your fishmonger philosophers say prevent their turning on their backs.

This particular, I hear, is only true of fishes, but not of those animals "*quæ defnunt in piscem.*"

62. Diotima, a female philosopher, was the person that initiated Socrates into the *philosophia amatoria*, which the Platonist afterwards extolled so highly.

63. Theano, another female philosopher, used to advise married women "to lay aside shame with their clothes."

This brothel-maxim is finely reprehended by the chaste Plutarch, who says, That "women ought never to be naked, for when they put off their garments, they should clothe themselves with modesty."

64. The same Theano told Timaeonides, who had often reviled her, that, notwithstanding his unkindness, she always spoke well of him—but had the luck still to find, that her panegyric had the same fate with his satire—to be equally discredited.

Prior, and others, have stolen epigrams from this expression:

*"You always speak ill of me,
I always speak well of thee—
But, spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other."*

PRIOR.

65. I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear.
—He had no manner of objection to

going to church, but lest "the devil might take it ill."

66. The learned are not yet agreed, whether an Olympiad contained four or five years.—The lustre is happily out of dispute, and fixed at five.

67. How children come to be marked, before they come into the world, by an impression made only on the sight of the mother, is inexplicable by philosophy. Nay, philosophy denies the fact, but leaves the contingency of it rather a greater mystery.

68. Women entered originally into the Olympic games—but some confusion happening once on their accounts, they were forbidden to appear there for the future, on pain of death, if found disguised.

Yet a woman, named Herenice, did afterwards venture her life, for the mere pleasure of wrestling and boxing there—and won the prize.

She could not conceal her triumph: which coming to the judges' ears, they ordered, that thenceforward all athletics should be performed naked.

This my author, who is a joker, says,

prevented their entering the circus for the future, but made them all crowd to the ring.

69. Solon deprived parents of all paternal authority over bastards.—The reason he gave for it is curious—That as they were only fathers for their own pleasure, this should be their only reward.

Married men seem here to be unfavourably distinguished by Solon—as mere drudges in the vineyard.—I suppose Solon had an ugly wife.

70. Hucheson, in his philosophic treatise on beauty, harmony, and order, plus's and minus's you to heaven or hell, by algebraic equations—so that none but an expert mathematician can ever be able to settle his accounts with St. Peter—and perhaps St. Matthew, who had been an officer in the customs, must be called in to audite them.

71. The pseudomenos, a problem among the stoics—a quibble merely in words.

72. The anacampserotes—a certain root—the touch of which is said to reconcile lovers.

73. Lyeurgus was the person who col-

lected together all the works of Homer in Asia Minor, and brought them into Greece.

Plato would exclude all the poets from his commonwealth.—Observe here the difference between a person who had formed a real state, and one who had framed only an ideal one.

74. Hermonides, a disciple of Timotheus, asked his master one day, How he should conduct himself, in order to obtain the prize of music at a public opera that was then to be performed?

"If the theatre be thin," said the old fellow, "play your best—for the audience may probably be select and judicious.—But to a crowded house, be sure you play as ill as you can—because the multitude have Midas's ears."

Hermonides, like other young people, asked advice which he meant not to take—exerted all his talents—excelled every competitor—lost the prize—and died that very night of the mortification he had received, by not taking the old sage's counsel.

75. There is an original necessity in our

nature "to determine ourselves."—Providence has implanted this propensity in us, to prevent suspension of action, where reasons may be wanting, or equipoised.

In the most indifferent cases, we are apt to feel an inclination to favour one side of a question more than the other.—Two men boxing, two horses running, two cocks fighting, two dogs snarling—even two fishwomen scolding—though all equally unknown—one will naturally take part with one or the other—"We must determine ourselves."

Two competitors for a crown appear on the theatre of war together, Even their very names shall decide the point, with regard to us, unknowing, of their respective titles or merits.—It was morally impossible to have remained indifferent, between Meer Jaffir and Cossim Ally Cawn, two rival nabobs, some time ago. I vowed fealty to the latter; and my wife, whether through loyalty or perverseness, always took part with the first against us.

And if the strife should happen to be between a man and a woman, the respective sexes shall take different sides in

the contention—though not always on the part of their respective genders—for women are sometimes partial to a woman, merely because she is one—but oftener to a man, for the same reason. No matter for the motives—we labour under “a physical necessity of determining ourselves.”

In fine, there is but one struggle between man and woman, in which both men and women equally wish success to one side *only*—to which part I need not say.—For as my readers must be either male or female, I shall refer the decision to their joint concurrence.

76. Brutus was originally a name of contempt, given first to Lucius Junius, by Tarquin, on account of his pretending madness and folly; in order to escape the notice and jealousy of that tyrant, who had put his father and brother to death.

Virtue can render the meanest name great—and vice turn the greatest into contempt.—Listen, ye plebeians and ye peers!

77. Margaret de Valois queen of Navarre, was styled a tenth muse, and a fourth grace.

78. Solon said, that if all men were to cast their misfortunes into one common heap, every person would rather take up his own lot again, than accept an equal share with the rest.

This is an odd expression—for, as he makes the reflection general, it is as much as to say, in effect, that every one's evils were less when put in, and greater when taken out. This might be true of some, but could not possibly be so of all.

79. Plato said of Dionysius's court, at his return from Sicily, on his being asked what he observed remarkable there—*“Vidi monstrum in natura, hominem bis saturatum in die.”*—By *saturatum*, he meant merely eating, not drinking.

What would he have said, had he lived in modern times, and seen not only two meals, but two debauches, in the same day!

80. In the life of Henry Prince of Wales, there is a curious story told, of a speech made by a pope, who silenced a priest for preaching doctrines “contrary to the catholic faith.”

The man defended himself, by saying that he had advanced nothing but the gospel, and the word of God.—To which his holiness replied, that this was, in effect, “to subvert the catholic religion.”

81. Tiberius was the person who offered a premium for the invention or contrivance of any new pleasure.

82. Providence has supplied the body with refreshment and medicine, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world—and to our minds hath given, both for relief and cure, religion, music, and the sciences.

Whether I write the above observation from reflection or recollection, I do declare, most ingenuously, that I cannot be certain this moment. — Memorandum, that memory is apt to forget.

83. Ludovicus Jacob says of Pontus de Thiard, who was both a bishop and a poet, that his erudition was too universal for the first, and too profound for the latter.

84. Balzac said, that Virgil had prevented Tasso from being the first epic poet of Italy, but that Tasso had prevented him from being the last.

85. It is reported of Sebastian, a very good Latin poet, that he could seldom avoid speaking in verse, in his common conversation.

In general, warm people, as poets naturally are, speak usually in blank verse——except they flutter.

“I lisp’d in numbers—for the numbers came.”

86. The Count de Bonarelli, an Italian nobleman, had passed through a regular course of divinity and philosophy, and distinguished himself in both these studies.

He was afterwards taken from those pursuits, and employed by the great duke of Ferrara, in sixteen embassies of state; in all which he acquitted himself with great address both as a politician and a minister.

He had never written one line of poetry in his life, till he was about threescore years of age; when, having retired from public business, he undertook for his amusement a pastoral poem, which he executed with a fame equal to Guarini’s Pastor Fido and Tasso’s Aminta.

87. The covetous man is poor—but the contented one rich—said Bias the philosopher.

88. Solon built a city in Cilicia, which he named Soleis, and peopled it with a colony from Athens; who, mixing with the natives of the country, corrupted their language, and were said to solecise.—Diogenes Laertius gives us this derivation for the word solecism.

89. Simonides, a very sweet Greek poet, was so affected about the nicety of his expression, that, being to mention mules upon some occasion, he styled them daughters of mares.—Upon which Diogenes rallied him, by asking, whether they were not daughters of asses as well?

90. In Plato's Phedon, Socrates says, that while the soul is immersed in matter, "it staggers, strays, frets, and is giddy like a man in drink."

There is a passage in the Psalms, from whence one must be almost certain he must have borrowed this image.——"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Psalm 107. verse 27.

Here, not only the simile is the same, and the expression almost so—as near as different translations of the same text, not performed by the Septuagint, can be supposed to approach—but the very occasions are parallel also. The first describes the state of the soul, under the incumbrances of corporeal affections, and the latter speaks of men unaffected by grace.

91. Plato allowed mirth and wine to old men, but forbade them both to young ones. To be merry and wise, might have been a proverb deduced from this law.

But Plato's reason was truly philosophic—that, while our natural cheerfulness and spirits remain, we should never use incitements. To spur a free horse, soon makes a jade of him.

92. Antigonus said, "*Qui Macedoniae regem erudit, omnes etiam subditos erudit*"—"Qualis rex, talis grex," says somebody else.

This is not always so. It is only what may be styled a capable truth.—Virtue will not be sufficient—for example alone won't do. The king must have both sense and spirit too. He should let all his boun-

ties, honours, and preferments, flow in one chaste channel, and, like heaven, bribe us to our good.

93. Is it not an amazing thing, that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of the redemption, when, at the same time that it is propounded to us as an article of faith solely, we are told, that "The very angels have desired to pry into it, in vain?"

94. See the character of Francis David Sterne, in the Annual Register for the year 1760, and compare it with the jealous phrenzy of Jean Jacques Rousseau.—The unaccountable caprices of human nature!

95. I asked an hermit once in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation?—He replied, that "Providence was his very next door neighbour."

96. A library.

Plerumque in quâ simulac pedem posui, foribus pessulum abdo.—Ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, avaritiam excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix—et in ipso aeternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animos sedem mihi

fumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me misereat, qui felicitatem hanc ignorant.

HEINSIUS.

In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour—In a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

HENRY AND FRANCES.

97. The mareschal de Bellegarde was a lover, and a favourite of Anne of Austria's, but happened to be discarded upon the following occasion :

When he was taking leave of her Majesty, to repair to his command in the army, he solicited her, with an air of passion and mystery, to give him her hand; which, after she had, with a blush, some hesitation, and turning aside her head,

“With neck retorted, and oblique regard,”

at length consented to, he applied it immediately “to the hilt of his sword.”

A most stupid piece of old-fashioned gallantry, to be sure.—But observe, at the same time, the unaccountable caprice of woman, in his dismissal.

98. Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility, and virtue—That her ornaments were such as might be purchased without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.

99. Extract—*unde nescio*.

Adam signifies earth, and Eve life.—But, not to insist upon Hebrew definitions, man was originally made of the dead earth—but woman of the living man—therefore, of a more excellent nature. There are no conclusions so strong as those that are drawn from the *petitio principii*.

100. Another fragment in favour of the sex:

It is remarkable, that as by a woman we were all undone, so by a woman we were all retrieved again.

For as the virgin conceived without the co-operation of man, all the human nature that Christ took upon himself, must have been derived entirely from the feminine gender.

101. The Laplanders have odd notions. They encourage the killing of bears in their country; and have framed this law,

that any man who destroys one, shall be exempted from cohabiting with his wife for a week—and so on, *toties quoties*.

102. Heraclitus was the person who first introduced the burning of the dead, upon this philosophy, that fire was the predominant principle of all things; and that, by such dissolution, the aethereal flame, or soul of man, was better and sooner purified and disunited from the grossness of matter.

103. The doctors of the Sorbonne, in the year 1550, caused a priest to be deprived of his benefice, for pronouncing the words *quisquis* and *quamquam*, as they are spelled, instead, of *kifhis* and *kanham*, as they had reformed them.

Which were the greater fools, they or the priest?

104. Sophocles has written a tragedy, which consists of but one entire monologue, of a person complaining and lamenting a sore heel. See the *Philoctetes*.

105. In the whole Hebrew dictionary there is not one word to express nature or philosophy.

106. Pythagoras was the person who first changed the arrogant appellation of *sophos*, or wise man; to philosopher, or a lover of wisdom.

107. What a savage race of men must the ancient Romans have been, who had but one word, *hostis*, in their language, for an enemy and a foreigner?

108. Hume says, "Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people, who know not how to make a spinning-wheel; or to employ a loom to advantage?"

109. A good simile—as concise as a king's declaration of love.

110. Sir Isaac Newton standing by the side of a quarry, saw a stone fall from the top of it to the ground—"Why should this stone, when loosened from its bed, rather descend, than rise, or fly across? Either of these directions must have been equally indifferent to the stone itself."

Such was his soliloquy; and this the first philosophic reflection he had ever made. This led him first into considering the nature of gravity, etc.—So that to a mere accident we owe all those deep re-

searches, and useful discoveries, with which he has since enriched the sciences.

111. Plutarch imputes the ceasing of many of the oracles, to the world's being thinner peopled at that time than formerly.—“The gods, says he, would not deign to use so many interpreters of their wills to so small an handful of people.”

112. Solon was the person who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death—Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

113. Plutarch commends Attalus for destroying all his own children in order to leave his wealth and kingdom to his nephew.

One unnatural action induced another—For Attalus's reason for so doing, was that his brother, the father of that nephew, had left him his heir, in wrong to his own son.

114. Men affect parrots, that disgrace human speech—and are fond of monkies, that ridicule human action.

115. Great eaters have generally but dull

intellects—The dromedary is said to have four stomachs.

116. A very curious and authentic letter has been lately brought to light, from the queen of Scots to Elifabeth—which makes the latter's chastity not to be so problematical a point as general history had left it to us. See the Annual Register for 1759, page 323.

117. See the contrasted character of young Servin, in Sully's Memoirs, for an extraordinary instance in human nature.

118. Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, says, that there must have been a nymph whose name was Aura—or Procris could never have conceived a jealousy at the expression of Cephalus, *Aura veni*.

How could a person of his taste, and excellent criticism, possibly make so poor a comment! This passage certainly does not in the least prove that there ever was such a nymph, but only that Procris imagined there was.

Had he remembered Shakespear, he would have known, that

*"Trifles light as air, are, to the jealous,
Confirmations strong,"* etc.

119. Mr. Spence is shamefully mistaken in another passage, too. He says that the Hamadryads were not reputed by the poets to have been the souls of particular trees, but the nymphs of the woods in general.

But these latter were always distinguished by the title of Dryads,—from whence Druids,——and the former were only thought to be the lives of trees.

120. The seeing an object distinctly, with one eye, and the not seeing it double with two, must appear to be an unaccountable circumstance in vision.——The same philosophical question may be applied to hearing.

121. What scolds must women have been deemed from the beginning, when all the familiars, the familiares, or female genii, were styled Junones?

122. I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this:

Upon the first fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himself as a dead man. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly re-

gardless of all manner of danger, as becomes a dead man to be.

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned as clear gains—or, as he himself expressed it, so much out of the fire.

123. A man is shorter, standing up, than lying along. He is certainly near six lines, or about half an inch, longer, in bed, than when up.

124. Peculiarities in Clarke's Latin grammar:

He reckons but seven parts of speech, leaving out the 'prondun' and participle, and substituting the adjective for both.

He admits only five cases of nouns, rejecting the vocative.—His reason for this is curious.—See the note, page 1.

The order of his cases too stands thus:—Nominative, accusative, genitive, dative, and ablative.

125. About the middle of the thirteenth century, and in the pontificate of Gregory the Ninth, a curious incident happened.

Count Gleichen was taken prisoner, in an engagement against the Saracens, and condemned to slavery. He was employed

at work in the gardens of the seraglio, and happened to be taken notice of by the Sultan's daughter.—She found out that he was a person of distinction, conceived a passion for him, and offered to contrive his escape, if he would marry her.

He honestly told her that he had a wife already. She replied, that she made no manner of scruple of that circumstance, as the custom of her country allowed men a plurality. Upon these terms then they agreed, and had the fortune to get safe together to Venice. He hastened to Rome, made Gregory acquainted with the particulars of the story, and, upon promise to make Miss Saracen turn Catholic, obtained a dispensation to keep both wives.

The first wife was so much rejoiced at recovering her husband upon any conditions, that she acquiesced in the articles, and shewed herself grateful, in the highest instance, to his fair deliverer. The story mentions another unnatural circumstance also in this matter—that the Saracen had no children, but shewed a mother's fondness towards those of her rival.—What

pity that she did not leave some of her breed behind her!

At Gleichen they still continue to shew the bed in which they all three used to sleep peaceably together—which, for that reason, might more properly be styled the grave.

They were all buried in the same tomb, in the church of the Petersberg Benedictines, and lie under a stone, with this epitaph, which the count, who outlived them both, ordered to be inscribed upon it:

“Here lie the bodies of two rival wives, who, with unparalleled affection, loved each other as sisters, and me extremely.—The one fled from Mahomet, to follow her husband—the other was willing to embrace the spouse she had recovered.—United by the ties of matrimonial love, we had, when living, but one nuptial bed; and, in our deaths, only one marble to cover us.”

126. Plato describes two Cupids—a celestial and a terrestrial one.—Perhaps he meant thus to divide the ancient opinion of the two urchins, who are said one to cause, and the other to cease, love—or,

more likely, to distinguish Platonic love from the natural one.

127. Sir Francis Bacon says, the muses are in league together with time, and preserve the privileges of the golden age—Poetry subsists after states and empires are lost. The poet's life unites safety with dignity, pleasure with merit—I wish I could add, profit also—and bestows admiration without envy. It places a man in the feast, and not in the throng—in the light, but not in the heat.

128. It was said, very justly, and refinedly, by a lady, mentioned in one of Swift's letters, that in men, desire begets love—and in woman, love begets desire.

129. *Quid tam dignum misericordia, quam miser?*

130. *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto,* was Sir Harry Wootton's advice through life.

131. In Comus, speaking of midnight shout and revelry, upon joyful occasions, Milton justly says, "they thanked the gods amiss."

132. A man must be born a schoolmaster. He must be more or less than man, says

Le Sage, in his Bachelor of Salamanca, to preserve his patience.

133. It is surprising that there should be persons on the face of the earth, who love themselves so little, as to fret at every thing, to be constantly out of humour, and set the whole world against them.

134. I have long ceased to wonder at all the operations of Nature, except one. Take a seed of a fruit-tree, or a flower; cut it to pieces, or bruise it in a mortar, and you will perceive but one colour in it. Sow another grain of the same kind, and it shall produce flowers or fruits, containing every tint in the rainbow.

The lynx-eyed philosopher may persuade himself, that he spies the future tree, or flower, in the present seed—but he can never persuade me, that he sees, or foresees, their future colours there.

There appears to be something more here, I confess, than mere second causes, requisite to account for such a phenomenon.

135. In a French book I was reading some time ago, I met with a stupid exercise of wit, of which I give you here a specimen, merely because it is new, in a

distich of French verse, wrote in the following manner:

O c---! d--- à m--a--- d--f---f-----,
P--- p-----f----- d-- d-----f- c-----.

Another, in Latin verse.

O m--- t-- l----- m----- p--- u----- v-----,
S-----, e- q-----f-- e--- t-- d-----f---!

Another, in English.

W---f---m---g---, t--i-----a-----e---;
A--f--u-----t---, t--d-----r-----.

If you have nothing else to do, try to puzzle these out. It will be better than drinking or falling asleep, or fretting because you have not a thousand pounds a-year.

136. The following inscription, taken from Aldersgate, is a conceit of the same kind with the former—but much more foolish, because more ingenious and difficult. The language is Latin.

Qu an ris di c vul fra
os quis ti ro um nere vit.
H san chri mi t mu la

If you have a turn for riddling, I shall

leave you to amuse yourself with the above laborious dullness, after you have dispatched the former carry-witchets.

137. I knew a common fellow once who had been born a fool.—He was an excellent labourer, and, barring accidents, the best verbal messenger in the country where he lived.

While he was receiving his instructions, he used always to hold one hand on the opposite ear, lest the directions should steal through it—and the instant you had done, he would clap his other hand upon the listening ear, and run off with the story to the person appointed to receive it.

But if, by accident, he happened to fall, or was any otherwise obliged to take off either of his hands from his ears, he immediately lost all remembrance of the message, and would return back, crying for fresh instructions.

138. The best account for the belief of miracles has been given by Gil Blas.—He says, that “the marvellous strikes the imagination; and when once that has been gained over, the judgment has no longer fair play.”

139. A curious sentence I once met with, I don't know where—"Mundus ipse; qui ob antiquitatem deberet esse sapiens, semper stultizat, et nullis flagellis alteratur; sed, ut puer, vult rosis et floribus coronari."

140. *Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia*—This is a very bad moral, and I wonder how the author of Tully's Offices could suffer it to escape him.

141. Læurgus, in order to confirm his establishment for ever, took a journey to Delphos, on pretence of consulting the oracle; first obliging the king, senate and people, in an oath, not to alter the state till his return.

He then retired into voluntary exilement for life.—What a deal of virtue and simplicity must they have had in those days!

142. *Ex sensibus ante cætera homini tactus, deinde gustatus—reliquis superatur a multis—Aquilæ clarius cernunt—Vultures sagacius odorantur——liquidius audiunt Talpæ, obrutæ terra.* Plin. Nat. Hist.

143. Maria is the only woman in the world whom smiles become not. She is

beautiful when grave, but looks like an idiot whenever she laughs.

If I was her lover, I should be constantly picking of quarrels with her, in order to preserve my constancy.—For the maxim of *amantium ira*, etc. is most peculiarly applicable here.

144. How imperfect must the state of orthography have been, when there was no more difference between the numerals that express four and two hundred, than 7 and 71!

145. Homer, Hesiod, Aesop, the Seven Wise Masters, as they are styled, and the Sybils, were all born under the Assyrian, called the first monarchy.

146. Had all possible musical tones been exhausted by Nature, that she was forced to suffer the raven to croak, the owl to screech, the peacock to scream, and the hog to grunt or squeal?

147. The Emperour Adrian, who wrote the familiar verses to his soul, and was a person of surprizing knowledge and literature, for a king, preferred Cato to Cicero, and Ennius to Virgil.

148. Septimius Severus, the nineteenth

Roman emperor, died at York, in Great Britain.

There was something most remarkably amiable in his person. His son Caracalla attempted to slay him, just after he had declared him his successor, but was prevented by his guards.

The good old man repented only, but revenged not, the intended parricide; and, retiring into his palace, fell ill immediately, and died of grief.

I admire the philosophy in him that forgave, but more love the nature in him that felt.

149. Constantius, the last of the Pagan Roman emperors, and father of Constantine the Great, died also at York.

150. Heliogabalus, though a sad dog, instituted one very favourable, and therefore just, law—which was the establishing a female jurisdiction, to sit in judgment upon all trials relative to the sex.

I think that such a supplement is much wanted in our own constitution. How can a female culprit be said to be tried by her peers, without a female jury? But upon all indictments for ravishment, particular-

ly, I would have women only impanelled.—For the business, upon such occasions, ought undoubtedly to be, rather to examine the accuser, than to try the accused.

Now, girls often give themselves great airs about being ravished, though nothing might have been farther from their thoughts at the time. They might perhaps have been so, in a natural sense, though not in a legal one—which is all I pretend to contend for. And how is it possible for a man, or even twelve men, to declare upon their consciences, under which of these predicaments the evidence might have laboured? Women then, most certainly, must be the best judges in these mysteries of the *bona dea*, and can quicker discover whether the testimony arise from a spirit of chastity, of extortion, or extenuation of the jurer's own frailty. And a man ought only to be condemned upon the first category.—For, if the fact itself should be thought sufficient to convict him, his holiness the Pope himself must infallibly suffer.

151. In the fourteenth century, one Ni-

colao Gabrini di Rienzi, one of the lowest of the people of Rome, had spirit and ambition enough to conceive a design of compassing the sovereignty of the city— — and without money, friends, alliances, or military force, by the mere dint of oratory and perseverance, he did at length effectually obtain his object, and arrived also to such a pitch of power and influence, as to awe several of the potentates of Europe, and to be admitted an arbitrator of kingdoms.

152. Even so late as near the beginning of the sixteenth century, a certain priest, having met with this passage, in some Greek author, ὁ νῦν ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπος, *mens humana immaterialis est*, and finding, in his Lexicon that ἀνθρώπος signified a flute or pipe, brought no less than fifteen arguments, in an academical exercise, to prove the human soul to be a whistle.

153. Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, received the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope Celestine— — who after he had placed it on his head, while he was on his knees, kicked it off again

with his sacred toe, to shew his authority over the kings of the earth.

154. The Jews sent legates to Oliver Cromwell, to know whether he was not the true Messiah.

155. Pope Julius the Second was reading the Bible, when an account was brought him of his troops being beaten by the French.—Upon which he threw down the book on the floor, out of resentment to the partiality of Heaven.

156. The name of France is a reproach to the nation. It was derived from a people who were denominated Franks, from the remarkable spirit of liberty for which they had been distinguished.

But after they had so poorly succumbed to arbitrary sway, the ancient name of Gaul would better have become them— and the dunghill, not the game-cock, should be their ensign.

157. Stephen Barthorius, a king of Poland, said, that God had reserved three things to himself—the power of creation, the knowledge of future events and the dominion over our consciences.

158. The Romans were a wicked people

in their public policy, though virtuous in their private morals. They made use of the basest, most oppressive, and most cruel methods of aggrandizing their empire— by subjecting all their neighbours to the yoke first, and then, by the help of slaves of their own making, extending their tyranny over the rest of the world. The *punica fides* of the Carthaginians was never so great, as the faithlessness and treachery of the Romans.

159. Ancient Rome rendered herself mistress — which is worse than master — of the world, under her consuls, by the same methods that she continued so afterwards under her popes.

The good of the commonwealth, was the former pretext — and the good of the church, was the latter one. These being the first principles, to which all others were to be subordinate, whatever vice, falsehood, or oppression, that could favour either of these dominions, were considered as public virtue, or pious fraud.

160. It was lucky, and worthy of remark, that just when the Greek and Roman story had risen to the highest pitch of

personal heroism, glory, virtue, and example——and that history had been in full possession of the facts—their languages should fall suddenly into corruption and decay, by the destruction of their empires, so as to become dead ones.

It is by this means that they have obtained to become classical studies, and we read their authors universally, or universally, at least, with pleasure and improvement—which it had been impossible to have done, had those tongues, like the living ones, continued still to have been altered, commixed, or enriched, and so have become obsolete, as they must have done, long before the æra when they were first established as a study in the European colleges.

161. Boyle, in his *Seraphic Love*, says, "Our Saviour is so near unto God, that he might well have said, *I and the father are one.*"—By which he seems to have thought, that Christ spoke only figuratively in such expressions.

Boyle had studied the scriptures, both as a commentator and divine. Nay, in the beginning of the twentieth section of

his very work, he expressly says, that he had taken some "pains in the study of controversial divinity."

His abilities were great, and his sense of religion warm—so that, both as an enthusiast and a theologist, he would probably have delivered himself more Athanasianly, if he had not been restrained, both as a metaphysician and an expeditor.

162. Lewis the thirteenth took particular notice of De Retz, afterwards cardinal, for his generosity and virtue, in placing a girl in a convent, who had been sold to him by her mother; as also for his bravery, in desiring his antagonist to take up his sword again, which he had dropt, on his foot slipping in a duel with him.

The attending to such instances, of magnanimity and virtue, in private life, is the being a king. This is the only way that a monarchy can be said to be preferable to a commonwealth.

As this is the most charming prerogative with which princes are endued, I am surpris'd that they are not fond of exerting

it oftener than they do, during their abundant leisure.—For, like Lucretius's gods, they generally leave the affairs of the world to take care of themselves, under the agency of but second-best causes—or the direction of chance, not choice—and their ministers take care, or don't take care, of all the business of state, without ever troubling them—till after it is done—or undone.

163. Doctor Young said, that Pope had put Achilles into petticoats again—aluding, I suppose, to his first disguise among the daughters of Lycomedes, and to the fetters of rhyme.

164. What has surpris'd me most in history, is, to read of so few kings who have abdicated their thrones—not above a dozen or two at the most!

165. I shirted myself this morning the moment I got out of bed—There happened to be a large bier glass just before me, which expos'd me to myself, stark naked. I had never, in all my life, seen such a sight before.

I am subject to reflections, and stood, for near a minute, philosophizing on my

figure, with my arms a-kimbo, resembling, both in shape and complexion, one of your new-fashioned brown Dutch tea kitchens—but alas! without a salamander.

Upon a close scrutiny on all my parts, I could fairly account for every inch, member, or circumstance about me, except my nipples.—The horse, the bull, the ram—nor even the baboon, which comes nearest to man——have them not.—No other male animal of the creation is incumbered with such parts, as actually appear to be of no more use to me than they are to the lady mothers, mentioned in chapter xxxiii.

166. A solution of the three riddles mentioned in number 135:

*O ciel! donne à mon coeur des forces
suffisantes,
Pour pouvoir supporter des douleurs si
cruelles.*

*O mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima
vitae,
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere
facta!*

*Fear first made gods, the impious atheist
cries,
And fear unmade them, the divine re-
plies.*

You can easily see the contrivance of it.—The initials only of each word are set down, and a dot made for every letter in it.

I here make a present of this mystery to the public, for the benefit of the press. It will be a much better method of designing names that one dares not print out, than the common way of A—, B—, etc.

As for example, Suppose you had been abusing a corrupt minister till you were tired—but indeed, right or wrong, they are all abused—and then were to conclude your spite, with saying, The man I mean is S—h,—how readily might one mistake this for Sandwich? But were it wrote thus, S-----, the obloquy would be obviated—nor would the candid public suffer malignity to avail itself of the old quibble, *h non est litera*——while the decypherer would soon end the dispute, by construing it into Sejauns.

167. An explanation of the inscription in number 136:

*Quos anguis tristi dīro cum vulnere
fravit,
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munera
lavit.*

By comparing these two passages together, you may see how artfully the middle line of the former is made up from parts of the first, which serve equally to answer to the fragments of the latter.——*Difficiles nugae.*

168. Female vanity, — Even Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is said to have cast away her pipe, upon being told by her maids of honour, that it used to discompose her features—and would never suffer herself to be served, as all the other goddesses had so notoriously been, for fear of spoiling her shape.

169. A friend of mine once had conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair. He carried this strange prejudice to an extravagant length. He used to say, that he could never confide in a friend or a mistress of this com-

plexion—for that the men were false, and women frisky.

An instance or two of this kind had determined his philosophy, with as much reason as the jockey, in an old story, had for the reverse—who having once met with a good horse, who happened to be cropt-eared, pronounced that cropt-eared horses were naturally good.—A barber too recommended white-haired razors from the same experience.

Red hair is only a sign—if it be any sign at all—of warm or lively affections; and operates according to the ruling passion, of love, religion, ambition, play, revenge, etc.—which differs equally both in men and women of all complexions. And I have always found more virtue in warm affections, than in lukewarm ones.—Warm passions may be tempered, but cold ones can never be brought to *sceth*.

170. In the Passion, painted by Michael Angelo, the Virgin is finely described, according to her peculiar circumstances—though certainly most absurdly, under the general idea of such a situation.

She stands unmoved, and looking on the

sufferings of her Son, without grief, without pity, without regret, without tears—because she is supposed to have known that the event was to be finally happy.

What different opinions must a Christian and a Mussulman form of this piece?

171. *Nunc itaque et versus, et caetera
ludiera pono;*

*Quod verum, atque deus, curo, et rogo,
et omnis in hoc sum.*

HOR. EPIST.

I met lately with the following lines, which are, in sense, and almost in words, the very same with the former;

*Hic igitur versus, et caetera ludicra pono;
Quod verum, atque bonum est, inquiero,
et totus in hoc sum.*

The author of the latter lines was not quoted, in the passage from whence I have taken them—which was the Lemma to the Idyllia of Theocritus, translated by Creech. So that I cannot determine which might have been the plagiarist, by comparing their different aeras.

Is not this a precious morsel for the cri-

tics? Let me conjecture about it. My opinion is, that Creech meant to have quoted Horace; and his memory failing him, he might have supplied the verse out of his own head—as is frequently the case, in repeating without book.

My reason is this—Creech translated Horace, though badly; but must certainly have remembered the above passage in him—and I cannot suppose that he would have taken worse lines to the same purpose from any other writer.

Now the *verum*, *atque bonum*, in the latter distich, are, in strictness of philosophy, the same thing.—But there is a beautiful distinction between the *verum*, *atque decens*, in the first lines. Horace joins manners with morals, and adds good-breeding to virtue.

Perhaps the anonymous lines above quoted may be in Lucretius—I have read but little of him—from whom Horace is said to have borrowed not only his principles of the Epicurean philosophy, but to have taken several passages out of his writings—among which this may possibly be one that he has improved.

Creech translated both of these authors, and might naturally be supposed to have been partial to the one which he had the best success with.

172. "As obstinate as a pig in an entry." This would have been a fitter simile for Homer to have applied to Ajax or Diomedes—Which is it? for I will not take the trouble to look, though the Iliad lies now on my table.

Madame Dacier defends the allusion to the ass, in such a way as deserves not a serious answer.—She had much better have agreed with Horace, and have ranked that simile under the head of

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

173. Aristotle's Art of Poetry is the best esteemed piece of criticism among the ancients. How came he to excel both Horace and Vida, though better poets, and who had also the advantage of studying him before they wrote?

Because they only copied him—but he had copied Nature.—All his rules, as Pere Rapin says, are but nature methodized, or reason reduced to art.

174. Some of the altitudes or depths of philosophy, are, to doubt our senses, to discredit our own existence, and to require impossible demonstrations for self-evident propositions.

175. The philosopher, I think it was Des Cartes, who, after a world of deep reflection, said, "*Cogito, ergo sum*," might as well have said, *dubito* at first, and have deduced his *ergo* from thence at once.—For, in this case, to doubt is to be certain.

176. See the account of the plays, styled the Mysteries, described in the preface to Don Quixote.

Cervantes ridicules penances and priestcraft throughout—but knows not where to stop.—The whipping of Sancho, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and the twitching and pinching him for the resurrection of Altisidora, are profane allusions.

In the latter manoeuvre, when one of the executioners pinches his face, he cries out, "Your fingers smell of vinegar."—"And they gave him a sponge, dipt in vinegar, to drink."

In his last volume, chapters XVII. and

XIX. he has a stroke at the church, who will not redeem or absolve gratis, as their master did. Why slept the holy inquisition all this while?

177. I have seen whole volumes wrote against the real presence, to prove that matter was not capable of ubiquity—and as many more, not to prove that it was.

This is the way that libraries are filled! or rather stuffed.—I approve greatly of Master Triglyph's scheme for one; in chapter XCV. of the Triumvirate—though possibly my own works might have been excluded from it.

178. By the canon law, if a cardinal be accused of fornication, there must be a septuagint of witnesses to prove it—So that he must kiss a girl at the market-cross, at least, to be convicted.—How many more would be requisite to convict a pope?

179. Socrates has framed an allegory, for pleasure, as allied to pain, that resembles Scriblerus's description of the Lindamira-Indamoro.—For though their faces are turned different ways, there is no enjoying one, without communicating with the other.

may have milk, without being pregnant, or having had a child.

188. I am in possession of a faculty, at any time I please, of communicating a sensible pleasure to myself, without action, idea, or reflection——by simple volition merely.——The sensation is in a degree between feeling and titillation, and resembles the thrilling which permeates the joints of the body, upon stretching and yawning.

189. Crabs, lobsters, toads, serpents, and other animals, have been found inclosed alive, and in full vigour, in compact oak, and in solid stone.

So that it appears there are creatures formed by nature for respiration, which yet can subsist, without air, in a preternatural state.

Were I to have limited myself solely to such extraordinary mysteries in natural philosophy as these, I could have supplied this part of my work entirely, without having applied to any other resort. But I thought that a greater variety, under the general head of *Memorabilia*, might have been more amusing to my readers.

However, I think that I have furnished the speculation of the curious with instances sufficient, in this latter class, to hint to infidels, that the common and obvious course of nature comprehends not all the powers of Providence.

Qui studet, orat.

This I have said, somewhere, before—
but it can never be too often repeated by

Your affectionate humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

F I N I S.









